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Original Poetry.

HOW MUCH THERE IS THAT'S BEAUTIFUL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY SOPHIA W. LLOYD.

How much there is that's beautiful
  In this fair world of ours,
The verdure of the early spring,
  The sweetly blooming flowers—
The brook that dances in the light—
  The birds that carol free,
Are objects beautiful and bright
  That every where we see.

There's beauty in the early morn,
  When all is hushed and still—
And at the lovely sunset hour,
  'Tis spread o'er vale and hill,
It lives within the gorgeous clouds
  That float along the sky—
And oh, how purely beautiful
  Our evening canopy.

It dwells in quiet stillness where
  The glassy waters glide,
And wakes to awful grandeur 'neath
  The cataracts foaming tide,
'Tis throned in dark stern majesty,
  Where the tall mountain towers—
Oh, there is beauty every where
  In this bright world of ours.

The fairy spell that childhood wears,
  Its artlessness and truth,
The light that lives within the eye
  And in the smile of youth,
The impress on the manly brow,
  Wrought with a shade of care,
That tells of high and noble thought,
  How beautiful they are.

And life—how much is shed around,
  To bless and cheer us here,
When strength and energy are found,
  Its lesser ills to bear
Although a cloud may sometimes rise,
  A shadow sometimes rest
Upon our earthly pathway, still
  'Tis beautiful and blessed.

West Bloomfield, New York.

NEW ENGLAND.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY S. A. H.

New England, dear New England, to fancy yet once more
  Thy lofty hills I now behold—thy stern and rock-girt shore;
Thy sweet and peaceful cottages, thy green and lovely dells;
  In fancy's ear once more I hear, thy solemn Sabbath bells.

New England, dear New England, oh where o'er this wide earth
  Are there so bold and venturous sons, that owe to thee their birth,
Whose pulses beat with quick'ning throes where'er they think on thee,
  New England, dear New England, land of the bold and free.

New England, dear New England, I love thy winter's hearth,
  Where youth and maiden join in sport, with quiet, modest mirth;
Or eager listen to the tale, by aged sire begun,
  How in our strife for Liberty, some hard fought field was won.

Let others laud Italia's skies, or praise their vine-clad France,
  And mingle in their revelries, or join their mazy dance;
Thy quiet joys, my Fatherland, thy homely sports for me,
  New England, dear New England, home of the bold and free.

Original Tales.

DRIVING A HARD BARGAIN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY HENRY G. LEE.

We know a great many business men, famous for driving hard bargains, who would consider an insinuation that they were not influenced by honest principles in their dealings, a gross outrage. And yet, such an insinuation would involve only the truth. Hard bargains, by which others are made to suffer in order that we may gain, are not honest transactions, and calling them so don't in the least alter their quality.

We have our doubts whether men who overreach others in this way, are really gainers in the end. They get to be known and are dealt with by the wary as sharpers.

A certain manufacturer—we will not say of what place, for, our story being substantially true, to particularize in this respect, would be almost like pointing out the parties concerned—was obliged to use a kind of goods imported only by two or three houses. The article was indispensable in his business, and his use of it was extensive. This man, whom we will call Eldon, belonged to the class of hard bargain makers. It was a matter of principle with him, never to close a transaction, without, if possible, getting an advantage. The ordinary profits of trade did not satisfy him; he wanted to go a little deeper. The consequence was that almost every one was on the look out for him; and it not unfrequently happened that he paid more for an article which he imagined he was getting, in consequence of some manœuvre, at less than cost, than his next door neighbor who dealt fairly and above board.

One day a Mr. Lladd, an importer, called upon him, and said—

"I'd like to close out that entire lot of goods, Eldon. I wish you'd take them."

"How many pieces have you left?" enquired Eldon, with assumed indifference. It occurred to him, on the instant, that the merchant was a little pressed, and that, in consequence, he might drive a sharp bargain with him.

"Two hundred."

Eldon shook his head.

"What's the matter?" asked Lladd.

"The lot is too heavy."

"You'll work up every piece before six months."

"No, indeed. Not in twelve months."

"Oh, yes, you will. I looked over your account yesterday, and find that you have had a hundred and fifty pieces from me alone in six months."

"You must be in error."

"No. It is just as I say."

"Well, what terms do you offer?"

"If you will take the entire lot, you may have them for ten and a quarter, three months."

Eldon thought for a few moments, and then shook his head.

"You must say better than that."

"What better can you ask? You have been buying a dozen pieces at a time, for ten and a half cash, and now I offer you the lot at ten and a quarter, three months."

"Not inducement enough. If you will say ten, at six months, perhaps I will close with you."

"No. I have named the lowest price and the best terms. If you like to take the goods, well and good, if not, why you can go on and pay ten and a half cash, as before."

"I'll give you what I said."

"Oh, no, Mr. Eldon. Not a cent less will bring them."

"Very well. Then we can't trade," said the manufacturer.

"As you like," replied the merchant.

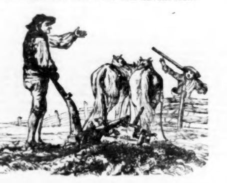
And the two men parted.

Now Eldon thought the offer of Lladd a very fair one, and meant to accept of it if he could make no better terms; but seeing that the merchant had taken the pains to come and offer him the goods, he suspected that he was in want of money, and would take less than he asked, in order to get his note and pass it through bank. But he erred in this.

Eldon fully expected to see Mr. Lladd before three days went by. But two weeks elapsed, and as there had been no visit from the dealer, the manufacturer found it necessary to go to him in order to get a fresh supply of goods. So he went to see him.

Our Picture Gallery.

FROM PETERSON'S "MILITARY HEROES OF THE REVOLUTION."



THE MINUTE MAN OF THE REVOLUTION.

"I must have a dozen pieces of those goods to-day," said he, as he met Mr. Lladd.

"Very well. They are at your service."

"You'll sell them at ten and a quarter, I suppose."

Mr. Lladd shook his head.

"But you offered them at that, you know."

"I offered the whole lot at that price, and the offer is still open; though I am in no way particular about selling."

Since ten dollars and a quarter a piece had been mentioned, the idea of paying more had become entirely obliterated from the mind of Eldon.

"But if you can sell for ten and a quarter, three months, you can sell for the same, cash."

"Yes, so I can, but I don't mean to do it." The merchant felt a little irritated.

Eldon was disappointed. He stood chaffering for some time longer; but finding it impossible to bring Lladd over to his terms, he finally agreed to take the two hundred pieces at ten and a quarter on his note at three months.

Still he was far from being satisfied. He had fully believed that the merchant was pressed for money, and that he would, in consequence, be able to drive a hard bargain with him. Notwithstanding he had been compelled to go to Lladd, and to accept his terms, he yet believed that money was an object to him, and that rather than not have the sale confirmed, he would let it be closed at ten dollars a piece, on a note at six months. So firmly was he impressed with this idea, that he finally concluded to assume, boldly, that ten dollars was the price agreed upon, and to affect surprise that the bill expressed any other rate.

In due time the goods were delivered, and the bill sent in. Immediately upon this being done, Eldon called upon the merchant and said, in a confident manner, as he laid the bill he had received upon his desk.

"You've made a mistake, haven't you?"

"How?"

"In charging these goods."

"No. I told you the price would be ten and a quarter, didn't I?"

"I believe not. I understood the terms to be ten dollars at six months."

"You offered that, but I positively refused it."

"I am sure I understood you as accepting my offer; and ordered the goods to be sent home under that impression."

"If so, you erred," coolly replied Lladd.

"I can't take them at the price called for in this bill," said Eldon, assuming a positive air, and thinking that by doing so, Lladd would deem it his better policy to let the goods go at ten dollars.

"Then you can send them home," replied the merchant, in a manner that offended Eldon.

"Very well, I will do so, and you may keep your goods," he retorted, betraying as he spoke a good deal of warmth.

And the goods were sent back, both parties feeling offended. Lladd at the glaring attempt made to overreach him, and Eldon because the other would not submit to be overreached.

On the day following Eldon started out in search of another lot of the goods he wanted, and thought himself fortunate in meeting with some in the hands of a dealer named Miller, but demurred when twelve dollars and a half a piece were asked for them.

"I can't take less," was replied.

"But," said Eldon, "Lladd has the same article for ten and a half."

"You don't pretend to put his goods along side of mine," returned Miller.

Eldon examined them more closely.

"They are better, it is true. But the difference is not so great as the price."

"Look again."

Another close examination was made.

"They are finer and thicker certainly. But you ask too much for them."

"It's my lowest price. They will bring it in the market, which is now bare."

"Wont you let me have a dozen pieces at twelve dollars?" asked Eldon.

"Can't sell a piece for less than what I said."

Eldon hung on for some time, but finally ordered a dozen pieces sent home, and paid the bill, though with a bad grace. Still, he was so angry with Lladd because he had showed a proper resentment at the effort made to overreach him, that he determined to buy no more of his goods if he could supply himself at any other house even at a higher price.

Thus matters went on for five or six months, Eldon supplying himself at the store of Miller, and reconciling himself to the serious advance in price, with the reflection that Lladd's goods were remaining dead on his hands.

At last Miller's supply was exhausted. Eldon called one day and ordered a dozen pieces, and received for answer—

"Not a piece in the store."

"What! All gone?" said Eldon.

"Yes, you got the last some days ago."

"I'm sorry for that. Lladd has a good stock on hand, but I don't care about dealing with him if I can help it. He's a crusty sort of a fellow. Has no other house a supply?"

"Not to my knowledge. There is only a limited demand for the article, you know, and but few importers care about ordering it for the reason that it goes off slowly."

Eldon tried several places but couldn't find a yard. By the next day his workmen would be idle, and so he had no alternative but to call upon Lladd. The merchant received him pleasantly; and they chatted for a while on matters and things in general. At last Eldon, though it went against the grain, said—

"I want you to send me twenty pieces of those goods around, with the bill."

The merchant smiled blandly, and replied—

"Sorry I can't accommodate you. But I haven't a yard in the store."

"What!" Lladd looked blank.

"No. I have sold off the entire lot, and concluded not to import any more of that class of goods."

"Ah! I supposed they were still on hand."

"No. I placed them in the hands of Miller, and he has worked them all off for me, at a considerable advance on former prices. He notified me a week ago, that the lot was closed out, and rendered account sales at twelve and a half per piece."

Lladd said all this seemingly unconscious that every word he was uttering fell like a blow upon his old customer. But he understood it all very well, and had caught the hard-bargain-maker in a trap he little dreamed had been laid for his feet.—Eldon stammered out some half coherent response, and took his departure with more evidences of his discomfiture in his face and manner than he wished to appear. He had, in fact, been paying twelve dollars and a half for the very goods he had sent back because he couldn't get them for ten dollars at six months credit.

Eldon did not understand how completely he had overreached himself, until a part of his establishment had been idle for days, and he had been compelled to go to New York and purchase some fifty pieces of the goods he wanted for cash, at twelve dollars per piece, a price that he is still compelled to pay, as neither Lladd nor any other importing house in the city has since ordered a case from abroad. So much for driving a hard bargain.

Sketches of Russia.

THE CZAR:

His Court, his Camp, and his People.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE NOBILITY.

The Russian population may, for all practical purposes, be divided into two great classes, nobles or boyards, literally freemen and serfs or slaves. The intermediate class, forming that powerful and influential body, which is known in England as "the middle class," and in the German States as burghers, is so insignificant both in numbers and position, in Russia, as scarcely to deserve a notice.

Of the nobility, there are two kinds—the hereditary and acquired. The first is not always a mere right of birth, it may be conferred by the Sovereign. The nobles are divided into five ranks, Princes, Counts, Barons, untitled gentry whose nobility is anterior to Peter I., and untitled gentry of a date posterior to that Monarch. This is the âgé nobility. It goes back to Rurik, the first Sovereign of Russia, and to Guediminus, Grand Duke of Lithuania and founder of the dynasty of the Jagellons. These titles were set down in a genealogical book during the reign of Ivan III., which was afterwards copied into one bound in red velvet, and hence called *Barkatnaya Kniga*, velvet book.

The Czar, Ivan Vassilivitch, restrained the privileges of the old nobility. Fedor Alexiewitch went farther. Their exorbitant pretensions and disputes among each other for precedence, had well nigh ruined the Empire. He summoned them to his presence, bringing with them all the charters on which their pretensions were founded. As soon as they were in his possession he burned them, declaring that hereafter the titles of his subjects should be founded on merit, not on birth. Their names were then inscribed on two registries, the one containing the names of the greater nobles, the other that of the less. The small nobility was composed of boyards without titles, of individuals descended from titled families, and of those to whom titles had been granted for merit or from the favor of the Czar.

Peter I. lessened still more their power, by throwing the doors for admission to the higher ranks wide open. His successors have improved upon his plan, by encouraging their nobles in expenses calculated to strip them of their wealth, and thus cripple the foundation on which their power rested. Since his day, it has been also the steady policy of the Czars to bestow their favors principally on new men, who thus grateful to them for their advancement, should form a powerful counterpoise in the State to the old nobility. To the credit of Russians, it is to be observed, that nobility obtained by merit, is more regarded by them than that which is the mere accident of birth. The whole order is now divided into fourteen classes, any or all of which are accessible to all free men. There are particular honorary titles by which the holders of these are addressed, and all civil degrees are made to correspond with army rank. Every one entering the lowest class, is entitled to be addressed with an honorary epithet, but he cannot be called strictly noble until he has attained to the eighth rank.

Every man in Russia who is desirous of enjoying consideration, be he noble or plebeian, must fill or have filled some post under Government, either military or civil. Office holding there is as much sought for as among us. The smile of the Emperor lights on no man who does not wear the uniform. The son of the noble is, however, certain of more rapid advancement at the outset, than his plebeian competitor. The majority of the nobility seek, however, for the first opportunity, after having attained a grade, or become a somebody, to retire, as in return for prompt advancement, the least dereliction of duty is severely punished.

The principal privileges of the Russian nobility are, they are exempt from corporeal punishment, even though condemned to serve in the army as common soldiers, this being a mark of freedom in that country. They can enter the service of a foreign nation, provided that at the first summons from the Emperor they will return to their own country. When in the service of Russia they can resign when they please. They are permitted to own lands and slaves. They do not lose their titles of nobility, unless convicted of treason or some infamous crime. They are only judged by their peers, and can appeal to the Senate, and in the last resort to the Emperor. They have the right to appoint, every three years, functionaries taken from their class, who watch over their collective interests. At the same period they meet in their different provinces in General Assembly, to take cognizance of any thing submitted to them by the Governor thereof; this functionary cannot appear in the assemblies, nor take part in their proceedings, and can only address them in writing. They, on the other hand, can address him in person, or make their representations to the Minister of the Interior, or send deputies directly to the Senate and the Emperor. These assemblies are held in the chief place in each government. In them they can discuss legislative and administrative questions and propositions for reform. Their wishes are transmitted to the Emperor, who acts on them, however, as he sees fit. They are presided over by a *Marshal of the Nobility*, appointed every three years by the Governor of the province, from two candidates presented to him by the members out of their own order. To have the right of voting in the assembly, one must own a domain in the province, or hold high rank in the army. The nobility of each government has the right of presenting candidates for all civil functions. For this purpose the nobles of high rank are invited every three years to make known their intentions. The names obtaining a majority of the votes, are sent to the central government. The list of candidates is presented to the Emperor and Senate, with a detailed statement of their wishes, the designation of their services and the number of votes they obtained in the assembly. None can be placed in a position below his rank, and nobles not belonging to any class are sent merely as clerks to different departments. The assemblies of the nobility are also still invested with the right of controlling the local expenses. To this privilege they join that of choosing a noble judge for each tribunal, whose presence is necessary in every case in which a noble family is concerned. At the time of a coronation, the Marshals of the provinces assemble at Moscow, and all, no matter how low the rank, are promoted to the fourth grade.

Catherine II., by an ukase in 1785, granted to the nobles other privileges, in return for the brilliant assistance they had rendered in the war against the Turks. Among these may be enumerated: A woman marrying a nobleman is ennobled thereby, whilst a noblewoman marrying a commoner, does not lose her rank, only she does not ennoble her husband. At the end of ten years there shall be immunity for any crime a noble may have committed, unless he be proceeded against in the meantime. The power of foreign travel granted by Peter III. is confirmed. The property of a noble culprit is not confiscated to the State, but goes to his heirs. A right was granted them of establishing manufactories, holding markets, fairs, &c. They were also exempted from all personal imposts.

These, and some others of a like character, are the *legal* privileges of the Russian nobility. In practice, however, the will of the sovereign is often above all law. A Russian Prince has defined the nobility of his country as having four privileges: that of inflicting blows, and not receiving them; that of being oppressed by the Emperors, and of strangling them when the burthen became intolerable.

Among the lost privileges of this class was one which was formerly very dear to them, that of giving a Czarina to the Empire. The Czar was obliged to take a wife from their ranks. As soon as the Czar determined to marry, officers were sent into the provinces, commissioned to assemble the handsomest daughters of the noble families. These were sent up to Moscow and lodged in a palace, under the charge of a duenna no less noble than themselves. The Czar visited them in disguise, the better to acquaint himself with their sentiments. On an appointed day, dressed in their richest attire, they passed before the Sovereign who was seated on his throne. Each of them was presented by him with a splendid handkerchief, embroidered with gold, and set round with precious stones. The choice was not announced on that day, but some days after he sent for the fair chosen, and in the presence of the high functionaries of the Empire, announced that he took her for his wife. The rest were dismissed with rich gifts. This privilege was so highly esteemed by the nobles, that when the father of Peter the Great desired to espouse Nathalie de Nariaschkin, without conforming to the usage, his ministry dissuaded him from it, for fear of some disturbance consequent thereon. He accordingly complied with the form, and the people were satisfied.

The establishment of a bank at St. Petersburg, which is a kind of pawn-broker's shop, lending money on pledges and forfeiting them when not redeemed at the appointed time, has, by affording facilities for the extravagance of the nobles, still further weakened them. Money was now easily procured, and the nobles were enabled to gratify their boundless extravagance, and their inordinate thirst for play. The wealth their ancestors had been years in amassing, was dissipated in a season. According to the mania of the reigning autocrat, were their extravagances directed to a specific object. Under Catherine, it was dissipation, under Paul, soldo-mania, under Alexander they founded schools and built hospitals. In one respect, however, this bank has been useful; whilst it has ruined many, it has enabled more than one to redeem his fortune; for to the credit of the Russian nobility be it said, they do not think it beneath the dignity of their rank to become merchants, manufacturers, &c., as the case may be, when the state of their purse demands some necessity for exertion. The drudgery of the counting house is assumed by men who have been reared to be waited on by troops of menials without a murmur. Men of the highest lineage set in this an example worthy of imitation. A Troubetzkoi and a Soltikoff became manufacturers of woollen goods; a Metcharsky founded a sugar refinery; an Orloff was at the head of a glass house. These men wrote Prince or Count before their names. The money they were enabled to borrow at six per cent., brought them back a large return, and in time enabled to redeem their wasted fortunes.

The addition of a large number of nobles to the old aristocracy by Peter and his successors, and the bestowal of personal nobility, in contradistinction to the hereditary, which dies with the individual and does not descend to his heirs, has, by destroying the ancient prestige, done much towards weakening the power of this body. It has opened the door so wide that the exclusiveness of former days is taken away. There are now in Russia about 300,000 males in the hereditary nobility, and 80,000 in the personal; these last almost entirely deriving their rank from the offices they fill in the State.

The Russian aristocracy cannot be compared with any other. It differs very essentially from that with which we are best acquainted, the English. It has, perhaps, from the ease with which it is attainable, more of the democratic element infused into it than even that. It is in their wealth only that the two resemble each other, and in this the kind differs. To express the wealth of an Englishman, we say he is worth so many thousands of pounds sterling; to express that of a Russian, we say he is worth so many thousand slaves. A French traveller wrote to Beaumarchais, 'So and so died of hunger; he had but fifty peasants to eat a year.' This was literal. He owned but fifty peasants and all he had to eat was what they brought him in. The influence of the Russian aristocracy in affairs of State is not to be compared with the English. The latter mix closely and intimately in political affairs, and in addition to the influence given by wealth and station, have that which active participancy in the pursuits around also gives. The Russian is debarred from this, and in it sinks below the Hungarian, who alone of the aristocracy of Europe can rival him and the English in wealth.

The manners and bearing of the Russian aristocracy generally, do not compare with those of England and France. Cut off from active participation in political affairs, except as mere servants of the crown, they are driven to more sensual pursuits, and which are also in more accordance with their semi-Asiatic origin. There are, of course, splendid exceptions to this of men, who, in every respect, compare advantageously with any in the world.

Choice Poetry.

REVISED POEMS,

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

LOVE-LETTER TO A FRIEND.

Dear Anne, hast ne'er heard it told
  How florists have the curious power
To graft on some rude garden plant,
  A tender and exquisite flower?
Thus are our natures made as one,
  In union mystic and divine;
Thus, sweetest rose of womanhood,
  Thy life is blooming into mine.

"Forget" thee"—whence the childish fear?
  Ah! vain would be such heart-recalling—
Have I not felt thine angel smiles?
  Thy tears upon my bosom falling?
How oft, when through our lattice stealing
  The moonlight came in quivering gleams
When thou wert by my side reposing,
  Thy spirit busy with its dreams,—

In love that would not let me sleep
  I hung above thy tranquil rest,
Whose soft, low breathings scarcely stirred
  The snowy folds upon thy breast;
And watched to see thy starry eyes
  Beam from their blue-veined lids' eclipse,
And drank thy very breath, and kissed
  The night-dew from thy rose-bud lips.

As one in moon-lit, star-crowned night,
  Marks not the dark and envious shades
That lurk within the garden bower,
  Or glide along the forest-glades;
Thus heed I not life's shadows dim,
  Though gathering fast around, above,
The blessed while 'tis mine to feel
  The silvery presence of thy love.

☞ The last rendering of the common saying "Go to grass" is—*Nebuchadnezzarese.*

For the Ladies.

THE CORAL RING.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

"There is no time of life in which young girls are so thoroughly selfish, as from fifteen to twenty," said Edward Ashton, deliberately, as he laid down a book he had been reading, and leaned over the centre-table.

"You insulting fellow!" replied a tall, brilliant-looking creature, who was lounging on an ottoman hard by, over one of Dickens's last works.

"Truth, coz, for all that," said the gentleman, with the air of one who means to provoke a discussion.

"Now, Edward, this is just one of your wholesale declarations—for nothing only to get me into a dispute with you, you know," replied the lady. "On your conscience, now, (if you have one,) is it not so?"

"My conscience feels quite easy, cousin, in subscribing to that very sentiment as my confession of faith," replied the gentleman, with provoking *sang froid*.

"Pshaw!—it's one of your fusty old bachelor notions. See what comes, now, of living to your time of life without a wife—disrespect for the sex, and all that. Really, cousin, your symptoms are getting alarming."

"Nay, now, Cousin Florence," said Edward, "you are a girl of moderately good sense, with all your nonsense—now, don't you (I know you *do*) think just so, too?"

"Think just so, too!—do hear the creature!" replied Florence. "No, sir; you can speak for yourself in this matter, but I beg leave to enter my protest when you speak for me, too."

"Well, now, where is there, coz, among all our circle, a young girl that has any sort of purpose or object in life to speak of, except to make herself as interesting and agreeable as possible—to be admired, and to pass her time in as amusing a way as she can? Where will you find one between fifteen and twenty, that has any serious regard for the improvement and best welfare of those with whom she is connected at all, or that modifies her conduct in the least with reference to it? Now, cousin, in very serious earnest, you have about as much real character, as much earnestness and depth of feeling, and as much good sense, when one can get at it, as any young lady of them all, and yet, on your conscience, can you say that you live with any sort of reference to anybody's good—or to anything but your own present amusement and gratification?"

"What a shocking adjuration," replied the lady, "prefaced, too, by a three-storied compliment! Well, being so adjured, I must think to the best of my ability. And now, seriously and soberly, I don't see that I am selfish; I do all that I have any occasion to do, for anybody. You know that we have servants to do everything that is necessary about the house, so that there is no occasion for my making a display of housewifely excellence; and I wait on mamma if she has a headache, and hand papa his slippers and newspaper, and find Uncle John's spectacles for him twenty times a day, (no small matter, that,) and then——"

"But, after all, what is the object and purpose of your life?"

"Why, I haven't any. I don't see how I can have any—that is, as I am made. Now, you know I've none of the fussing, baby-tending, herb-tea-making recommendations of Aunt Sally, and divers others of the class commonly called useful. Indeed, to tell the truth, I think *useful* persons are commonly rather fussy and stupid. They are just like the boneset and hoarhound and catnip, very necessary to be raised in a garden, but not in the least ornamental."

"And you charming young ladies, who philosophize in kid slippers and French dresses, are the tulips and roses—very charming and delightful and sweet, but fit for nothing on earth but parlor ornaments."

"Well, parlor ornaments are good in their way," said the young lady, coloring, and looking a little vexed.

"So you give up the point, then," said the gentleman, "that that is all you girls are good for—just to amuse yourselves, amuse others, look pretty and be agreeable."

"Well, and if we behave well to our parents and are amiable in the family—I don't know—and yet," said Florence, sighing, "I have often had a sort of vague idea of something higher that we might become—yet really—what more than this is expected of us? what else can we do?"

"I used to read, in old-fashioned novels, about ladies visiting the sick and the poor," replied Edward. "You remember 'Cœlebs in Search of a Wife?'"

"Yes, truly; that is to say, I remember the story, part of it, and the love scenes; but as for all those everlasting conversations of Dr. Barlow, Mr. Stanley and nobody knows who else, I skipped those, of course. But, really, this visiting and tending the poor, and all that, seems very well in a story, where the lady goes into a picturesque cottage, half overgrown with honeysuckle, and finds an emaciated, but still beautiful woman, sitting propped up by pillows. But come to the downright matter of fact of poking about in all these vile, dirty alleys, and entering little, dark rooms, amid troops of grinning children, and smelling codfish and onions, and nobody knows what—dear me, my benevolence always evaporates before I get through. I'd rather pay anybody five dollars a day to do it for me than do it myself. The fact is, that I have neither fancy nor nerves for this kind of thing."

"Well, granting, then, that you can do nothing for your fellow-creatures unless you are to do it in the most genteel, comfortable and picturesque manner possible, is there not a great field for a woman like you, Florence, in your influence over your associates? With your talents for conversation, your tact and self-possession, and lady-like gift of saying anything you choose, are you not responsible, in some wise, for the influence you exert over those by whom you are surrounded?"

"I never thought of it," replied Florence.

"Now, you remember the remarks that Mr. Fortesque made, the other evening, on the religious services at church?"

"Yes, I do; and I thought then he was too bad."

"And I do not suppose there was one of you ladies in the room that did not think so, too; but yet the matter was all passed over with smiles, and with not a single insinuation that he had said anything unpleasing or disagreeable."

"Well, what could we do? One does not want to be rude, you know."

"Do!—could you not, Florence, you have always taken the lead in society, and who have been noted for always being able to say and do what you please—could you not have shown him that those remarks were unpleasing to you, as decidedly as you certainly would have done if they had related to the character of your father or brother? To my mind, a woman of true moral feeling should feel herself as much insulted when her religion is treated with contempt, as if the contempt were shown to herself. Do you not *know* the power which is given to you women to awe and restrain us in your presence, and to guard the sacredness of things which you treat as holy? Believe me, Florence, that Fortesque, infidel as he is, would reverence a woman with whom he dared not trifle on sacred subjects."

Florence rose from her seat with a heightened color, her dark eyes brightening through tears.

"I am sure what you say is just, cousin, and yet I have never thought of it before. I will—I am determined to begin, after this, to live with some better purpose than I have done."

"And let me tell you, Florence, in starting a new course, as in learning to walk, taking the first step is everything. Now, I have a first step to propose to you."

"Well, cousin—"

"Well, you know, I suppose, that among your train of adorers you number Colonel Elliot?"

Florence smiled.

"And perhaps you do not know, what is certainly true, that among the most discerning and cool part of his friends, Elliot is considered as a lost man."

"Good heavens! Edward, what do you mean?"

"Simply this, that with all his brilliant talents, his amiable and generous feelings, and his success in society, Elliot has not self-control enough to prevent his becoming confirmed in intemperate habits."

"I never dreamed of this," replied Florence.—"I know that he was spirited and free, fond of society, and excitable, but never suspected anything beyond."

"Elliot has tact enough never to appear in ladies' society when he is not in a fit state for it," replied Edward; "but yet it is so."

"And is he really so bad?"

"He stands just on the verge, Florence—just where a word fitly spoken might turn him. He is a noble creature, full of all sorts of fine impulses and feelings, the only son of a mother who dotes on him, the idolized brother of sisters who love him as you love your brothers, Florence; and he stands where a word, a look—so they be of the right kind—might save him."

"And why, then, do you not speak to him?" said Florence.

"Because I am not the best person, Florence.—There is another who could do it better—one whom he admires, who stands in a position which would forbid his feeling angry—a person, cousin, whom I have heard in gayer moments say, that she knew how to say anything she pleased, without offending anybody."

"Oh, Edward!" said Florence, coloring, "do not bring up my foolish speeches against me—and do not speak as if I ought to interfere in this matter, for indeed I cannot do it. I could never in the world—I am certain I could not."

"And so," said Edward, "you, whom I have heard say so many things which no one else could say or dared to say, you, who have gone on with such laughing assurance in your own powers of pleasing, shrink from trying that power when a noble and generous heart might be saved by it.—You have been willing to venture a great deal for the sake of amusing yourself and winning admiration, but you dare not say a word for any high or noble purpose. Do you not see how you confirm what I said of the selfishness of you women?"

"But you must remember, Edward, this is a matter of great delicacy."

"That word *delicacy* is a charming cover-all, in all these cases, Florence. Now, here is a fine, noble-spirited young man, away from his mother and sisters, away from any family friend who might care for him, tempted, betrayed, almost to ruin, and a few words from you, said as a woman knows how to say them, might be his salvation.—But you will look coolly on and see him go to destruction, because you have too much *delicacy* to make the effort, like the man that would not help his neighbor out of the water because he had never had the honor of an *introduction* to him."

"But, Edward, consider how peculiarly fastidious Elliot is—how jealous of any attempt to restrain and guide him."

"And just for that reason it is that no *man* of his acquaintance can do anything with him. But what are you women made with so much tact and power of charming for, if it is not to do these very things that we men cannot do? It is a delicate matter—true; and has not Heaven given you a fine touch and a nice eye for just such delicate matters? Have you not seen, a thousand times, that what might be resented, as an impertinent interference on the part of a man, comes to us as a flattering expression of interest, from the lips of a woman?"

"Well, but, cousin, what would you have me do? how would you have me do it?" said Florence, earnestly.

"You know that Fashion, who makes so many wrong turns, and so many absurd ones, has at last made one right one, and it is now a fashionable thing to sign the temperance pledge. Elliot himself would be glad to do it, but he foolishly committed himself against it, in the outset, and now feels bound to stand to his opinion. He has, too, been rather rudely assailed by some of the apostles of the new state of things, who did not understand the peculiar points of his character; in short, I am afraid that he will feel bound to go to destruction for the sake of supporting his own opinion. Now, if I should undertake with him, he might offer to shoot me; but I hardly think there is anything of the sort to be apprehended in your case. Just try your enchantments; you have bewitched wise men into doing silly things, before now; try, now, if you can't bewitch a foolish man into doing a wise thing."

Florence smiled archly, but instantly grew more thoughtful.

"Well," cousin, she said, "I will try. Though I think you are rather liberal in your ascriptions of power, yet I can put the matter to the test of experiment."

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Florence Elmore was, at the time we speak of, in her twentieth year. Born in one of the wealthiest families in ———, highly educated and accomplished, idolized by her parents and brothers, she had entered society as one born to command. With much native nobleness and magnanimity of character, with warm and impulsive feelings, and a capability of everything high or great, she had hitherto lived solely for her own amusement, and looked on the whole brilliant circle by which she was surrounded, with all its various actors, as something got up for her special diversion. The idea of influencing any one, for better or worse, by anything she ever said or did, had never occurred to her. The crowd of admirers, of the other sex, who, as a matter of course, were always about her she regarded as so many sources of diversion; but the idea of feeling any sympathy with them as human beings, or of making use of her power over them for their improvement, was one that never had entered her head.

Edward Ashton was an old bachelor cousin of Florence's, who, having earned the title of oddity in general society, availed himself of it to exercise a turn for telling the truth to the various young ladies of his acquaintance, especially to his fair Cousin Florence. We remark, by the by, that these privileged truth-tellers are quite a necessary of life in young ladies, in the full tide of society, and we really think it would be worth while for every dozen of them to unite to keep a person of this kind on a salary, for the benefit of the whole; however, that is nothing to our present purpose; we must return to our fair heroine, whom we left, at the close of the last conversation, standing in a deep reverie by the window.

"It's more than half true," she said to herself—"more than half. Here am I, twenty years old, and I never have thought of anything, never have done anything, except to amuse and gratify myself; no purpose—no object—nothing high—nothing dignified—nothing worth living for! only a parlor ornament, heigh-ho! Well, I really do believe I could do something with this Elliot; and yet—how I dread to try."

Now, my good readers, if you are anticipating a love story, we must hasten to put in our disclaimer—you are quite mistaken in the case. Our fair, brilliant heroine was, at this time of speaking, as heart-whole as the diamond on her bosom, which reflected the light in too many sparkling rays ever to absorb it. She had, to be sure, half in earnest, half in jest, maintained a bantering, platonic sort of friendship with George Elliot; she had danced, ridden, sung, and sketched with him; but so had she with twenty other young men, and as to coming to anything tender with such a quick, brilliant, restless creature, Elliot would as soon have undertaken to sentimentalize over a glass of soda water. No, there was decidedly no love in the case.

"What a curious ring that is!" said Elliot to her, a day or two after, as they were reading together.

"It's a knight's ring," said she, playfully, as she drew it off and pointed to a coral cross set in the gold—"a ring of the red-crossed knights.—Come, now, I've a great mind to bind you to my service with it."

"Do, lady fair!" said Elliot, stretching out his hand for the ring.

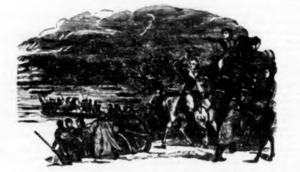
"Know, then," said she, "if you take this pledge, that you must obey whatever commands I lay upon you in its name."

"I swear!" said Elliot, in the mock heroic, and placed the ring on his finger.

An evening or two after, Elliot attended Florence to a party at Mrs. B———'s. Everything was gay and brilliant, and there was no lack either of wit or wine. Elliot was standing in a little alcove, spread with refreshments, with a glass of wine in his hand. "I forbid it; the cup is poisoned," said a voice in his ear. He turned quickly, and Florence was at his side. Every one was busy, with laughing and talking, around, and nobody saw the sudden start and flush that these words produced, as Elliot looked earnestly in the lady's face. She smiled, and pointed, playfully to the ring, but after all, there was in her face an expression of agitation and interest which she could not repress, and Elliot felt, however playful the manner, that she was *in earnest*—and as she glided away in the crowd, he stood with his arms folded, and his eyes fixed on the spot where she disappeared.

Our Picture Gallery.

FROM PETERSON'S "MILITARY HEROES OF THE REVOLUTION."



WASHINGTON CROSSING THE DELAWARE.

"Is it possible that I am suspected—that there are things said of me, as if *I were in danger*?" were the first thoughts that dashed through his mind. How strange that a man may appear doomed, given up, and lost, to the eye of every looker-on, before he begins to suspect himself! This was the first time that any defined apprehension of loss of character had occurred to Elliot, and he was startled as if from a dream.

"What the deuce is the matter with you, Elliot? you look as solemn as a hearse!" said a young man near by.

"Has Miss Elmore cut you?" said another.

"Come, man, have a glass," said a third.

"Let him alone—he's bewitched," said a fourth; "I saw the spell laid on him. None of us can say but our turn may come next."

An hour later, that evening, Florence was talking, with her usual spirit, to a group who were collected around her when, suddenly looking up, she saw Elliot, standing in an abstracted manner, at one of the windows that looked out into the balcony.

"He is offended, I dare say," she thought; "but why should I care? For once in my life I have tried to do a right thing, a good thing; I have risked giving offence for less than this, many a time." Still, Florence could not but feel a little tremulous when, a few moments after, Elliot approached her, and offered his arm for a promenade. They walked up and down the room, she talking volubly, and he answering yes and no, and anything else, at cross purposes, till at length, as if by accident, he drew her into the balcony which overhung the garden. The moon was shining brightly, and everything without, in its placid quietness, contrasted strangely with the busy, hurrying scene within.

"Miss Elmore," said Elliot, abruptly, "may I ask you, sincerely, had you any design in a remark you made to me in the early part of the evening?"

Florence paused, and though habitually the most practiced and self-possessed of women, the color actually receded from her cheek as she answered—"Yes, Mr. Elliot—I must confess that I had."

"And is it possible, then, that you have heard anything?"

"I have heard, Mr. Elliot, that which makes me tremble for you, and for those whose life I know is bound up in you: and, tell me, were it well, or friendly, in me to know that such things were said, that such danger existed, and not to warn you of it?"

Elliot stood for a few moments in silence.

"Have I offended? Have I taken too great a liberty?" said Florence, gently.

Hitherto Elliot had only seen in Florence the self-possessed, assured, light-hearted woman of fashion; but there was a reality, and depth of feeling, in the few words she had spoken to him, in this interview, that opened to him entirely a new view of her character.

"No, Miss Elmore," said he, earnestly, after some pause; "I may be *pained*, offended I cannot be. To tell the truth, I have been thoughtless, excited, dazzled; my spirits, naturally buoyant, have carried me, often, too far, and, lately, I have often painfully suspected my own powers of resistance; I have really felt that I needed help, but have been too proud to confess, even to myself, that I needed it. You, Miss Elmore, have done what, perhaps, no one else could have done. I am overwhelmed with gratitude, and I shall bless you for it to the latest day of my life. I am ready to pledge myself to anything you may ask on this subject."

"Then," said Florence, "do not shrink from doing what it is safe and necessary and right for you to do, because you have once said you would not do it. You understand me."

"Precisely," replied Elliot; "and you shall be obeyed."

It was not more than a week before the news was circulated, that even George Elliot had signed the pledge of temperance. There was much wondering at this sudden turn among those who had known his utter repugnance to any measure of the kind, and the extent to which he had yielded to temptation; but few knew how fine and delicate had been the touch to which his pride had yielded.

Romance of Reality.

FROM THE ISLAND CITY.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

BY ANNA L. SNELLING.

It is a melancholy fact that through the severity of the criminal code, many an innocent person suffers a painful death, and many a guilty one escapes. The short space intervening between the criminal and his execution, leaves little opportunity for the discovery of the truth, and by this means an act of injustice and cruelty is hastily committed. The incidents in the following narrative were related to me by a connection of the parties concerned, and never having been published, may be of interest to those who have formed opinions on the subject of capital punishment.

Frank Hans and Laura Fehrman were betrothed; that is, they had exchanged rings or love tokens, which in Germany is considered as binding to the faith and truth of either party as the actual marriage. The lady was of a proud and wealthy family—her lover had only his commission in the army, and a brave, generous heart to recommend him. But what has first, deep, passionate love to do with interest? Gold, silver, diamonds and worldly honors weigh lightly in the scale, when balanced by the pure affection of young and ardent hearts. Laura loved her Frank, spite of Dame Fortune's frowns—and resolved to marry him even in opposition to the will of her august relatives, and the imperious commands of her stern father and her proud mother. Yes, even while the devoted attentions of the renowned and wealthy Richard Muller, her cousin, were the talk of all the country round, and the congratulations of all her friends upon her conquest of the set old bachelor, poured in from all sides. The stiff, periwinkled, perfumed gentleman of forty, presumed to solicit the love of a girl of seventeen, and to imagine that his broad acres, well-manned castles, and five thousand guilders a year were sufficient to captivate the heart of any female. In this he was mistaken. Whatever the maids and matrons of the country thought of him, yet the idea that Laura—the divine Laura, detested him, inflamed him with a more settled determination to possess her at all hazards. Yet still gems, trinkets, and the most costly gifts were returned to him, with a polite message from the lady, that "she was not fond of ornaments, and seldom wore them, unless they were gifts of some dear friend whose memory she cherished."

"She does not love gold—that is clear," thought the suitor. "There must then be some other reason for her repulse. Let me see! 5,000 guilders a year, and she only a girl, while there are three brothers to provide for, and the father has only 5,000. There is a mystery in this I cannot fathom. Laura is romantic. All girls of seventeen are romantic. A bower of roses, and a penniless hero for a lover is all that they desire. Yes, Laura is in love, and with some one else, I must find out who is my rival. His suspicions soon lighted upon Frank, whom he narrowly watched. Many were the plans laid to draw the unsuspecting youth into a snare, and anger him into a quarrel, but in vain. He hated duelling and would not be affronted. There was also another suitor, of course, hated the other claimants—especially Frank whose youth and beauty were so much in his favor. He was a man of fiery and vindictive character and stopped at nothing to attain his object. The young lady's father was indifferent who she chose, provided the accepted husband added gold to his coffers—and each was allowed opportunity to prosecute his suit. But the gentle Laura still remained faithful to her Frank, though he gave her no diamonds, nor promised splendid castles and numerous attendants to do homage to her beauty. He was about joining his regiment, and the fond couple met in her favorite bower to bid a last, perhaps eternal farewell. He was, as usual, full of hope and bright anticipations—she, rather sad and desponding. For was he not going far away and leaving her to the solicitations of her other suitors? They parted with tears and smiles, and he pursued his lonely route to the next village.

As he passed through a dark wood, the Count B———, one of Laura's suitors—suddenly confronted him.

"Draw, hound," he exclaimed, "draw and defend yourself. I witnessed that last interview, and either you or I must leave our blood on the greensward."

Frank stood unmoved. "I will not stain my sword and disgrace my well-earned laurels in such an unworthy quarrel," said he. "Give place, sir; if the object of our mutual regard has decided in my favor, it is not my fault—neither does it lessen your merits which would, no doubt, be appreciated by hundreds of fair damsels as amiable as Miss Fehrman."

Frank said this without the least intention of insulting his rival, but the latter misconstrued his words. His face became livid with rage.

"Peasant dog!" he shouted, dashing his mailed glove in the face of Hans, causing the blood to gush from his nostrils. "Coward, ape, slanderer. Will you take your station and decide this matter in fair fight? If you do not I will blow your brains out on the spot."

It was not in the nature of man to brook so glaring an insult without retaliation. He snatched a pistol from his belt, and Count B., sheathing his sword, grasped a similar weapon. Fury glared in the eyes of the combatants—they retreated about six paces. The pistols were already raised when a figure, shrouded beyond recognition in a large cloak, appeared suddenly from behind a tree—a knife flashed in the moonbeams a moment, and the next was buried deep in the back of the Count who fell dead without a groan, the pistol still grasped in his hand.

Frank stood rooted to the spot in terror and astonishment. The murderer had disappeared as suddenly as he came. The moonbeams pierced the dark branches of the trees, and shone full upon the upturned face of the dead Count, but gave no traces of any other human being. Frank almost doubted the evidence of his senses, and had he been the challenger instead of the challenged, would have been half inclined to think it only a ruse to avoid fighting. But this was not the case. The Count was no coward. It was he who made the first onset. Frank was no duelist, and would have rushed upon his antagonist's sword, rather than pointed one willingly at his breast. Yet there he stood unharmed—the weapon he had grasped so unwillingly still in his hand, without having performed its dreadful duty, and yet his rash rival stretched out a corpse before him. He recovered slowly from his apathy—laid down the pistol, and [illegible] kneeled down by the side of the dead man and endeavored to stanch the wound, though convinced of its inutility. His own handkerchief, marked "Frank Hans," in full, was employed for this purpose. He then proceed to search the pockets of the deceased, thinking it probable he carried some treasures about him, which might tempt others to rob him while he was gone for assistance. Whatever valuables he might find upon his body, Hans resolved to send or carry to the nearest relatives, and then proceed to the village for aid.

He found in the pockets a purse well-filled with money, and an anonymous letter directed to the Count, giving him information that his rival, Frank Hans, had already supplanted him in the affections of the fair Laura, and that evening the lovers were to meet in such a spot—that Hans had frequently made use of derisive epithets in speaking of the Count, and warning him to beware of the low born upstart.

There was no signature, but, as Frank crushed the letter in his hand and thrust it into his pocket, he said to himself:

"I know that hand-writing! a light breaks in upon my mind."

He was preparing to leave the spot, when the sound of numerous voices arrested his attention.

"Ah," thought he, "assistance comes without my seeking it." All this time the youth had not the least suspicion of any danger threatening himself from his position, and stood calmly waiting the approach of footsteps which he hastened by crying loudly for help. The next moment he was surrounded by a group of men who gazed with surprise upon the scene before them.

"Ha! a murder committed! and here, no doubt, is the murderer!" exclaimed one, seizing Hans by the collar. "Help, friends, to secure him."

Frank shook off the rude gripe. "A murder has been committed, but not by me," he said. "I was just about to seek for assistance to convey the body of the poor Count home, and to seek for his slayer. Let us go at once to the magistrate."

"The Count!" exclaimed the first speaker; "it is then a nobleman, and he has been killed for his money. Of course he has been robbed also."

"I took care to prevent that," said Frank, "and have his money in my possession."

"This looks dark," said a second boor, taking the pipe from his mouth."

"He has his money, and was found alone with the dead—rather suspicious," said a third.

Some had stooped down to examine the body, and one lifted the handkerchief which had been so uselessly employed.

"Your name, young man," he demanded.

"Frank Hans," replied the youth.

The man put the handkerchief into his pocket, and, without farther remark, bade them bind the murderer and bring him along.

"Touch me not, I am innocent!" exclaimed Frank, yet as he spoke the extreme peril of his situation and the circumstances under which he was found rushed so forcibly upon his mind, that he staggered and turned pale. "'Tis too true," he thought, "everything appears against me;" yet suddenly assuming a calmness that he did not feel, "I am ready to go with you," said he." "Lead on, I shall soon clear myself of this charge."

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The Court was crowded to excess. Frank Hans was poor, and few appeared in his favor. The Count had rich and powerful relatives, who thronged together, and appeared indignant at the news, and determined on revenge.

Frank's suit had been rejected by the father of Laura, while the Count had been favored. Everything appeared clear to the lynx eye of justice. A secret assassination—a pistol found by the body—a handkerchief marked with the name of the culprit—the money of the deceased found in his possession—no witnesses present to prove his innocence. All was as clear as day. He was doomed, and sentence was pronounced upon him, when, in answer to the question whether he had anything to say for himself, he earnestly requested the delay of a few days, after which, if his innocence was not proved, he was willing to suffer the penalty of the law. The court were not inexorable.—The request was granted. No one, save his counsel, was permitted to visit him in the meantime. Yet while all his fellow men condemned him, one gentle heart plead in his favor. Laura said to herself, "he is innocent, and it will yet be proved."

In the solitude of his cell, Frank related to his lawyer all the circumstances of the case. His listener *said* little, but *thought* much—took possession of the anonymous letter, and inquired every particular of the meeting and its cause—then left, with the promise that a new trial should be granted him. Hans stretched himself upon his straw pallet, in that peaceful repose which the guilty never know.

Again was the prisoner brought before his judges, and directly in front of him sat Richard Muller, his countenance expressing exultation and gratified revenge. The whole evidence was again reported, and produced the same result. Then the counsel for the condemned rose and addressed the court. He went through the testimony of the prisoner, during which glances were exchanged, and whispers heard on all sides. He then produced the letter, and handing it to Mr. Therman, asked if he recognized the hand-writing, which was very peculiar.

"I do," replied the old man, turning pale, and glancing at his nephew.

"And this *knife*, gentlemen of the jury, speaks for itself. It is true, the pistol found near the body, belonged to the prisoner at the bar—and the handkerchief was marked with his name. But the pistol *had not been discharged*, consequently was not the cause of the Count's death, and the handkerchief proves nothing. The wound was in the back, inflicted by a *knife*, and here it is. It was dropped by the murderer in his flight, and is marked 'Richard Muller,' whom, in the presence of this court, I accuse of the assassination."

The sensation produced was tremendous! Muller, struck dumb by the suddenness of the discovery, had not a word to say in defence. He confessed all to the priest who visited him in his cell—the same so lately occupied by his hated rival. He acknowledged that his object had been to remove *both* the obstacles to his wishes at one blow. But Heaven saw fit to punish the guilty and save the innocent. The murderer died penitent, after witnessing, at his own request, the marriage of Frank and Laura, to whom he bequeathed all his property.

Selected Articles.

LOOK TO YOUR FEET.

Of all parts of the body, there is not one the clothing of which ought to be so carefully attended to as the feet. The most dependant part of the system, this is the part in which the circulation of the blood may be the most readily checked; the part most exposed to cold and wet, or to direct contact with good conducting surfaces, it is the part of the system where such a check is most likely to take place. Coldness of the feet is a very common attendant on a disordered state of the stomach, and yet disordered stomach is not more apt to produce coldness of the feet, than coldness of the feet is apt to produce disorder of the stomach; and this remark does not apply only to cases of indigestion, but to many other disorders to which man is liable. Yet do we see the feet of the young and the delicate clad in thin-soled shoes, and as thin stockings, no matter whether it is summer or winter-time—no matter whether the weather is dry or damp, or whether the temperature of the atmosphere is warm or cold. But this is not the whole of the evil. These same feet are frequently, at different times of the same day, differently covered as to the stoutness of the shoes and their soles, and very often likewise as to the thickness of the stockings. I have often found, on investigating into the origin of cases of disease, that it has been a common practice to go out of doors in the forenoon, the feet being protected with lambs'-wool stockings, and warm and thickly-soled boots, and to sit in the afternoon at home, only having the feet covered with silk stockings and thin satin shoes. I have so often found this to be the case, that it would hardly surprise me were the practice found to be almost universal among the females of the middle and upper ranks of society. To this common, and sufficiently inconsiderate practice, I have traced many cases of incurable disease. To this alone may be ascribed many a case of functional disturbance; this lays the foundation for many of those derangements by which the first inroad is made into the constitution, the first step taken in undermining the health; the first of that succession of changes brought about, by which the young, and the lovely, and the healthy, are converted into wasted victims of consumption, or become martyrs to other maladies as fatal, although less common. I am sufficient of a Goth to wish to see thin-soled shoes altogether disused as articles of dress; and I would have them replaced by shoes having a moderate thickness of sole, with a thin layer of cork or felt placed within the shoe, over the sole, or next to the foot. Cork is a very bad conductor of heat, and is therefore to be preferred; if it is not to be had, or is not liked, felt may be substituted for it. The extreme lightness of the cork, the remarkable thinness to which it may be cut—its usefulness as a non-conductor not being essentially impaired thereby—and the inappreciable effect it has on the appearance of the shoe—all seem to recommend its use for this purpose in the strongest manner. I think that neither boots nor shoes should be used without this admirable provision against cold feet. There is sufficient objection to all shoes made of waterproof or impervious materials: they are apt to prove much too heating and relaxing, interfering with the due escape of the cutaneous exhalations. Thin shoes ought only to be used for the purpose of dancing, and then they ought only to be worn while dancing. The invalid or dyspeptic ought assuredly never to wear thin shoes at other times. As to the common practice of changing thin shoes for warm boots, and *vice versa*, it is a practice that is replete with danger, and therefore rash, and almost culpable.—*Dr. Robertson.*

GOOD ADVICE.—Dr. Franklin recommends a young man, in the choosing of a wife, to select her from a bunch, giving as a reason, that where there are many daughters, they improve each other, and from emulation, acquire more accomplishments, and know more and do more, than a single child, spoiled by parental fondness.

United States
SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1848.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. R. H. Abdallah was declined. The essays are good, but we are yet uncertain about them.

Declined. "The Smile that First Wakened," "Letters from an Angler," and "Spring," are respectfully declined. There are good points in all these pieces, but on the whole we think them hardly worthy of publication.

An Absent Father. We think if this poem was presented on his return, to the father in question, in the hand writing of the author, it would afford him much pleasure. But it is not quite good enough to place before thousands of readers.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large clubs for the mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers to the enlarged paper, as those who will take the trouble to compare it with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive that it outshines all competition. Let it be remembered, also, that *the postage is just the same on a first class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State as well as of the town in which they live.

Post Masters or others sending for a club, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address when they can do so conveniently.

EUROPEAN AFFAIRS.

We give in another column tolerably full details of the news by the Hibernia, so far as France, Ireland and Italy are concerned. France appears to be marching on steadily and surely towards the realization of her great ideas—Liberty, Equality and Fraternity. But while keeping this triune Freedom constantly in view, she appears to be aware that there is as much if not greater danger of plunging into the gulf of a sluggish and ultimately anarchical Communism on the one hand, as of wandering into the fetid marshes of Aristocracy and Despotism upon the other. Louis Blanc's wild, though well-meant projects, seem to have been fairly laughed out of the Assembly. And yet, nothing is more certain than that the masses of the French working classes expect, and demand,—better wages and more certain employment. For it appears more and more evident every month, that the laboring classes of Europe, especially of France and England, care not so much for any hallowed idea of Freedom, any abstract notion of political equality, as they do for the bread and butter view of the question. They want, in one word, to better their social condition. They want more regular and certain employment, fewer hours' work in a day, and better wages—and political liberty not for itself, but as a means of procuring these.

That the leaders of the moderate party in France are fully aware of this, is proven by nearly every speech that is made by them, in reference to the late Revolution. Lamartine says: "To conciliate property, with the liberty of labor, *and the increase of wages*; to raise the condition of the masses, without diminishing the well-being of manufacturers, and landed proprietors—such is the Problem." Dupont de l'Eure, in resigning into the hands of the Assembly the power of the Provisional Government, said: "You will proceed to regulate the possible and efficacious action of the Government in the relation which *the necessities of labor establish among all citizens, and which ought to have for basis the sacred laws of justice and fraternity.*"

How is this to be done? The Communists are ready with their answer, the Fourierites with theirs; but the people have already rejected the first, and will hardly listen to the second. We wait with impatience to see what steps Lamartine and others of the moderate party will advocate. That they will be *steps*, and not organic changes such as the Communists and Fourierites contemplate, we have little doubt. If they are steps in the right direction—measures good in themselves and indicative of others, in the course of time, still more potent—the people, who are seldom exorbitant in their demands, will be satisfied.

It will be perceived that Lamartine has lost some little in popularity, probably on account of his advocating the admission of Ledru Rollin into the new government. Knowing no more than our readers as to his motives for so doing, we are willing to believe that they will prove to be eminently wise, pure and patriotic. It seems to us, on second thought, that it is no more than just that the ultra republican party should have a representative in the government; and that Ledru Rollin will be less likely to do harm as a member of the government, than as head of the opposition. It would not surprise us if it should prove a master stroke of policy.

In a speech made by Lamartine in the Assembly, upon the foreign policy that best became the times and the new republic, he said that it might be comprised in two words—armed diplomacy. He said he belonged to the party that looked to and desired peace, liberty and prosperity—war might be indispensable, but peace should be aimed at constantly. With Democracy spreading throughout nearly every European nation, he thought France stood in the closest bonds of fraternity with the greater portion of Europe. *To seek peace*, but be prepared for war, was the ruling idea of his address.

Turning from France to Italy we learn with pleasure that the Austrians have been beaten on several occasions by the combined Italian forces—and that their foothold in Italy, at the latest advices, was very precarious. The national feeling of the Italians, especially of the Romans, seems to be roused to the uttermost; and the Pope, who attempted to stem the current which had flowed originally from his own noble heart, as from a fountain, was forced to yield to its power. We doubt the story of his imprisonment and deposition, but we give it as we find it.

In Germany the elections for the Parliament are nearly over. The Liberal party, from the indications, will have a large but not overwhelming majority.

Austria, it is stated, in a letter from Vienna, had threatened, if the Pope advanced one step further in the affairs of Lombardy, *to separate herself completely from all spiritual connexion with the Roman see.* Perhaps this may account for the disinclination of the Pope to declare war against her.

In Rhenish Prussia the elections are said to be pretty evenly balanced. In Posen the Poles have broken out into insurrection, and seem determined to throw off the Prussian yoke. The conflicts between the insurgents and the Prussian troops, are of the most desperate character. Mieroslawski, the Polish leader, has issued a proclamation calling for a general insurrection, and the inhabitants are obeying his summons. The following description of the tactics of the insurrectionists, presents a wild and vivid picture of peasant warfare: "The tactics of Mieroslawski are peculiar, and puzzle the Prussian leaders at the same time that they strike terror into the soldiery, who are awed by the daring courage of the Poles and the wild advance of the scythe men. The latter advance whetting their scythes, until close on the enemy, with an energy that sends sparks from the steel, and singing in chorus the well known national air, '*Noch ist Polen nicht verloren.*' They keep step to the air, and on the first volley of the Prussian troops, they fall on one knee, and then suddenly rising rush impetuously on the foe."

In spite of the ferocity of these Polish peasants, we cannot but sympathise with them. It is not Freedom so much that they long for, as Nationality. It is not Liberty, but Father-land, which is their war-cry. We have faith to believe that ultimately the mangled body of Poland shall be raised from the dust where it is now lying, the bleeding portions washed with the joyful tears of her exulting children from all stain, and that a miracle shall be wrought to join the severed fragments once more together in a compact and vigorous body instinct with life, that the gazing world may know that the iniquity of tyranny is never forgotten or forgiven, but that the Eternal Ruler of Nations, though long suffering, is forever just.

CONTEMPTIBLE FOLLY.

The Plainsville Pioneer says that three children were drowned in the dam of Messrs. Reeves, Bock & Co., in that place, on Sunday last. It seems that a party of about a dozen, men, women and children, were sailing in a batteau on the dam, and the men, for the purpose of frightening the women, rocked the boat until she dipped water and was upset. None of the party could swim, and before they all could be rescued, two sons of Mr. John Morgan, a resident of the village, and a cousin of his little boys, were suffocated and drowned.

We copy the above in order to express our detestation of the contemptible and wicked conduct indulged in by some men on boating excursions. We have sometimes been on parties of this character, where it was almost impossible to restrain our remonstrances within the bounds of courtesy. It is a very common thing for shallow-pated fellows to put in peril the safety of women and children, in order to make a display of their own great courage and fearlessness. These remarks may appear strong, but we know that the evil we rebuke is a common one, and is the cause of much mental suffering on the part of women, and of frequent deaths.

OFFICIAL PECULATION.

If our readers are no wiser than we were, they are not generally aware that a most extraordinary mode of calculating the "milage" of members of Congress, is authorized by the rules of that body. The editor of the New York Tribune writes from Washington a full account of the manner in which these friends of the dear people's—money, manage to speculate on their travelling expenses. It seems that by law a member of Congress receives *eight* dollars for every twenty miles he travels. Thus for travelling from New York to Philadelphia, one hundred miles, he receives *forty* dollars; his actual expenses being at the most five dollars, which would include the cost of two meals.

In the cases of members of Congress who live in the Middle States, it does not so much matter—though of course such doings are equally wrong in principle; but when it comes to the far West or South West, it grows into a serious bill of expense to the Government. The Tribune says:

> Texas sends hither two Senators and two Representatives, who receive, in addition to their pay, some $2,000 each, every session, for merely coming here and going away again. Ten thousand dollars in all for travelling expenses, which are not actually $1,000. Arkansas will take $6,000 out of the Treasury this year merely for the travel of her Senators. When we come to have Senators and Representatives from Oregon and California, we shall have to negotiate a loan expressly to pay the mileage of their members.
>
> Nobody pretends to justify this, and yet it defies every effort to reform it. A member starts up from Bangor, Maine, and comes here in some two days and a half, paying some $25 and pocketing $250 clear profit. Coming from Galena or Chicago, or Natchez, or Little Rock, he will clear from $75 to $150 per day, lounging on a steamboat and living like a prince, or he takes the cars at Auburn in the morning, has a capital night's sleep on the North River, and next morning awakes in New York, having in one day cleared over $120. Does anybody imagine that those who make money like this will carefully watch the Treasury against the inroads of others?

Mr. Greeley blames the people for this state of things—we do not believe that one man in ten knows anything of it. But we are determined that so far as we are concerned, they shall know it. We consider this system of "milage" a species of legislative peculation. It is right that the travelling expenses of members of Congress should be paid, but not ten times over paid.

In connection with this subject we also quote the following remarks of the Tribune, with which the people—everybody in fact who is not a mere politician—will heartily agree:

> There must be a radical reform in Congress, and the best members concur in the opinion that a reduction of the pay is indispensable. I have no hope without it. Here are gathered a great number of real men of business—lawyers in good practice, merchants, manufacturers, extensive planters and thrifty farmers, who earnestly desire that the nation's business shall be promptly despatched, so as to allow them to go home and attend to theirs. But there is another class—noisy, if not numerous, and enabled by the present rules of the House to control its proceedings—to whom Washington is a paradise; who live higher, drink freer, are of more consequence, and get more money here, than they ever did or ever will anywhere else. Many who here pocket fifty-six dollars per week, and do the nearest to nothing for it that can well be conceived, would have to look very sharp to pick up twenty-five dollars per week elsewhere.

In conclusion, we raise the cry of Congressional reform. In the matter of "mileage" particularly, let every candidate be asked, when dilating, if a Whig, upon the expensiveness of the War, or, if a Democrat, upon the general prodigality of the opposing party, whether he is in favor of the abolition of the swindling system of "mileage" we have above called attention to, yes or nay? We warrant that nine out of ten will answer in the affirmative. We have too good an opinion of both parties, to believe otherwise.

A NEW RULE.

A subscriber sends us the following, vouching for its correctness:

Messrs Editors:—Some time since, the writer had occasion to ascertain on what days of the week several particular dates fell upon. He knew an old rule—which is, perhaps, familiar to many—by which it could be done, provided it was known on what day of the week the given year began. Having no rule to ascertain this, he sought to discover one, and happily succeeded; and, supposing it might interest some of your readers, gives it for publication, as follows:

To the year of our Lord add its fourth part, counting fractions as a whole number—i. e., adding one more for whatever fraction there may be. Divide that sum by 7, and if there be no remainder, then the year will begin on Saturday. If one remain it will be Sunday; if two, Monday, and so on, as in the following table. A few examples will illustrate it:

Table.

4)1848	4)1849	4)1850	1 Sun.
462—	462—	462—	2 Mon.
——	1	1	3 Tues.
7)2310	——	——	4 Wed.
330—0 Sat.	7)2312	7)2313	5 Thu.
	330—2 Mon.	330—3 Tues.	6 Fri.
			0 Sat.

This rule will answer *for all time* by merely altering the table at the end of any century terminating with a common year—no hundredth year being a leap year, except those which may be divided by 400 without leaving a remainder. The table is here arranged for the present century. For the last century, Monday must stand at the top of the column; for the *next*, Saturday must be first, the rest of the days following in order.

The fourth part of the year is added to allow for leap-years, but for which the simply dividing the given year by seven would suffice.

As all of your readers may not be acquainted with the rule for ascertaining the days on which months begin, it would perhaps be well to publish that also in connection with the above. It is this:—

There are twelve words commencing with the seven Dominical letters—the letters are all that is important, the words being framed merely to help the memory. These letters represent the twelve months, and are arranged in the same relative order to each other as are the days of the week on which the several months begin. Thus:

At Dover Dwelt George Brown, Esq.,
Jan'y, Feb'y, March, April, May, June,
Good Christopher French And David Fryer,
July, August, Sept. Oct. Nov. Dec.

To find on what day of the week last February began, first ascertain by the first rule above what day the year came in on. It was Saturday. D, it will be seen, is the letter representing February, and is the *fourth* letter in order. Then begin with Saturday and count off *four* days in order—the fourth is *Tuesday*, which is the day on which February began.

In leap year the day *next after* the one which began the year must be used for all months after February. For instance, the present April. G is its letter, which is the seventh in order. Begin with *Sunday*, and count off seven days, and it will show that April came in on Saturday. And so on for any month of any year. H.

BALTIMORE CONVENTION.

We give in another column a tolerably full account of the proceedings of the National Democratic Convention. Gen. Cass, it will be seen, was nominated as the Democratic candidate for President, and Gen. Butler for Vice President.

It may please some of our political readers to contrast the present ballotings with those of the last National Convention. In the Convention of 1844, when Van Buren and Cass were the prominent candidates, the vote was as follows:

	Van Buren	Cass
1st ballot,	146	83
2d "	127	94
3d "	121	92
4th "	111	105
5th "	103	107
6th "	101	116
7th "	99	123
8th "	104	114

Neither candidate receiving a sufficient number of votes, Mr. Polk's name was introduced, and his nomination unanimously acceded to.

In the course of a couple of weeks, we shall be able to lay the Whig nominations before our readers. Then will come on the tug of war—and for the ensuing six months more calumnies will be invented, more old slanders raked up, and new lies perpetrated, by both parties, than have disgraced the country since the last general election. But still the American plan of a wordy warfare, conducted according to the rule that "all is fair in war," is better than the life and death combats of other nations. With every election, we imagine, also, we perceive a decided improvement in the manner in which both parties conduct the canvass; and we think it probable that the coming struggle will be the most decent and orderly of its kind that ever has taken place in these United States.

GENERAL SCOTT.

General Scott passed by Philadelphia, on Saturday last, on his way to the Court Martial at Frederick, Md. A telegraphic despatch had notified our citizens of his departure from New York, and they thronged down to the usual landing to see him; the General, however, did not land—the steamboat dropping down to the Baltimore boat and there depositing him. The crowd then made their way down to the lower wharf, and called for the General—who appeared and "went through the motions" common to such an occasion, making a brief speech, &c. Gen. Cadwalader was present.

MORE CHARGES.

The Washington correspondent of the Ledger says:—

"I understand that some charges of a rather more serious character than those about which the Court of Inquiry are engaged, will come before that body, and that this is the reason why General Scott has been ordered forthwith to Frederick."

The same correspondent says there is now no doubt as to the ratification of the treaty with Mexico.

THE CENTRAL RAILROAD.

The County Commissioners of Pittsburg have been authorised to subscribe one million dollars to the stock of the Central Railroad. This banishes all doubt, if any existed, as to the early completion of this great work.

YUCATAN.

It appears that the violation of the late treaty was the act of the whites and not of the Indians, as stated last week. La Patria gives the following version of the story:

> The Indians, confiding in the treaty of peace, entered the town of Iturbide, where they were very well received by the inhabitants. In a short time a party of Campeachean troops arrived, commanded by a certain Bequeiro, who, when he was informed that there were Indians within the town, determined to attack them, in spite of the treaty, although he was informed by the people that they had committed no depredations. Bequeiro, however, carried his intention into effect, and expelled the Indians from the town. The Indians sent word to Pat, who immediately despatched a reinforcement sufficiently large to take the town and overcome the troops of Bequeiro; and these *heroes* on the approach of the Indians, immediately took to flight, and did not stop until they reached Campeachy, twenty-eight leagues distant. Merida and Izamal are well fortified, their garrisons consisting *of Indians of the coast!*

Since the above re-opening of hostilities, we have seen various accounts of Indian barbarities; but we begin to believe that the Indians are quite as much sinned against as sinning.

It is stated by a Campeachy paper that the English Minister in Mexico has assured the Government of Yucatan that Her Britannic Majesty's Cabinet will *take into consideration* the offer which has been made of the cession of the dominion of the country, in the event of its being saved from the imminent danger which threatens it.

WORTHY OF REMARK.

It is worthy of remark that no person who took a newspaper regularly and paid for it, was ever justly convicted of a capital offence. No such person was ever willingly sent to the penitentiary, or any other prison. No such person ever knowingly committed suicide; and with a few exceptions, longevity has been the consequence of so upright a practice.

We find the above mainly in one of our exchanges, though we have altered it a little. Doubtless the statement was not made without due examination into the statistics of crime. Rogues have *taken* newspapers regularly, so long as they were trusted, but they have as regularly "done" the publishers. A newspaper debt being to a considerable degree, a mere "debt of honor," dishonorable men can easily avoid its payment. Probably the eluding of payment for a newspaper, is often the first step in crime.

Delinquent subscribers to the Post, take warning from the above—and "step up immediately to the Captain's office and settle."

PRETTY GOOD.

The Liverpool Mechanics' Institute hearing a report to the effect that Ex-Premier Guizot, suffering from want of occupation—and money, proposed resuming his old employment of public lecturer, wrote to him, suggesting a course upon *history*, to be delivered before the said Institute. M. Guizot returned an immediate answer, in very courteous terms, stating that the rumor was false, and declining the honor in question. A discourse from M. Guizot upon history, especially upon the history of these "latter days," would certainly be both instructive and amusing.

THE MORMONS.

By an arrival from the city of the Salt Lakes, we learn that the unhappy Mormons had been attacked by the Indians, and a number of men, women and children murdered by them. An express had been despatched for the purpose of obtaining assistance. No cause was assigned for the outbreak.

SANTA ANNA.

This illustrious Mexican and cock-fighter, had arrived at Kingston, Jamaica, at the last advices, and taken up his residence near the "*race-course.*" In a few months, it is said, he intends to proceed to Venezuela—probably some great sporting match is coming off in that quarter.

LETHEON.

Dr. Chas. W. Brink, a young surgeon from New York, recently removed a tumor—the vascular sarcoma—from the side of the face of a lady in Burlington, N. J., under the influence of the Letheon.

HAYTI.

About one hundred persons were probably massacred by order of the President in the recent outbreak in Hayti. We are not yet able to get at the true cause of the quarrel.

Life in New York.

LETTERS FROM NEW YORK.

NO. IX.

New York, May 22, 1848.

Gentlemen:—What New York has lost in life and activity by the closing of the Anniversaries, has been made up by the continual influx of visitors from the South and West, and the glorious Summer weather of the past week, which has enticed our whole population out of doors. In the afternoon, as soon as the shadows are thrown across Broadway, that thoroughfare is as universal a resort, as the Prado of Madrid, the Mexican Alameda, or the Parisian Boulevards. The cosmopolitan character of the city, is then displayed in its perfection, and the infinite variety of caste, countenance and color which are there mingled in unmingling contact, make it a most entertaining stroll for a leisure half hour. You may hear, in walking the length of a single block, nearly all the civilized languages of Europe.—French and German are so familiar, in fact, that in some social assemblies, a foreigner would often be puzzled to tell what tongue was the actual language of the country. The dark West-Indian, with his glossy jet moustache, the blue-eyed, broad-faced Teuton, with pointed beaver, and beard *a la Barbarossa*, the midnight-eyed Italian, even the grave Turk, or fiery Moor and Tripolitan, have become quite common-place, and form unnoticed atoms of the general crowd. Strong personal peculiarities will now hardly excite attention. Through the constant intercourse of all varieties of people, this has become the only city where the American partially forgets his curiosity, and the sense of independence, which one feels on being let alone by inquisitive or critical eyes, is more agreeably felt than even in the whirlpool of London, where any deviation from the starched, upright shirt collar of John Bull, is sure to be noticed.

Your favorite, (is he not?) Dempster, gave two concerts last week in the Tabernacle, and I had the gratification to hear him for the first time. His ballad-singing is exquisite, but his speaking voice quite the reverse, and I almost wished he had given his songs without preface or explanation. Next to the pleasure of hearing those simple old Scotch ballads, was that of watching their effect upon the audience. The quiet delight on the faces of some gray-headed John Andersons present, told how the songs had come home to their hearts. When the "Irish Emigrant," and the painfully touching "New Year's Eve," was sung, there was many an eye in tears. Not far from me sat a lady in deep mourning, who seemed almost overcome by the violence of her emotion. The source of tears no doubt lies very far back in my head, for no matter how intensely I may feel at such times, they never reach the surface; but I would gladly have joined, from very sympathy, had it been possible. Among a number of new ballads introduced at the last concert, the "Lay of the Imprisoned," was a beautiful composition, with an accompaniment full of the very buoyancy and overflow of bird-music. His adaptation of Longfellow's "Footsteps of Angels," was much less successful; to me, it was positively unpleasant. Instead of the touching melancholy which breathes through the words, from the music I could think of nothing but the high, monotonous chant, with which monks repeat their orisons in the choir of some old Convent. There was an attempt to represent the "shadows from the fitful fire-light," by a number of *flickering* notes, which, however, was carrying too far the principle of suiting the sound to the action.

A new exhibition in the way of art will be opened to-day by the American branch of the house of Goupil & Vibert. These engravers, who enjoy the reputation of being the finest in Europe, and who have re-produced in steel the great works of Vernet, Delaroche, Scheffer and others, have, as I have been told, invariably purchased the splendid originals, which they afterwards disposed of at high prices. It is a collection of these originals which is to be exhibited here, previous to being sold to lovers of art. Notwithstanding the mannerism of the French, in all branches of art, they have produced the first living painters, and I am glad of an opportunity to look again upon some of their works.

Putnam, the publisher, will commence on the 1st of September, the publication of Washington Irving's complete works, in uniform style, under the superintendence of the author, and with his final revisions. This will be one of the most valuable publications which has appeared from the American press, in a long time. The only collected edition of his works in existence, which is yet incomplete, is an English one. Your former gifted fellow-townsman, Darley, is engaged to make a series of illustrations, which will make these volumes, as far as art is concerned, perfect. Those who have seen Darley's exquisite outlines of "Margaret," will know what to expect from his pencil, when employed on the "Sketch-Book," or old Diedrich Knickerbocker. But the most important part of this announcement, is that the series will include Mr. Irving's unpublished works, the "Life of Mahomet," and "Life of Washington," the *former* of which is understood to contain much new and valuable material, drawn from the archives of the Escurial. The distinguished author is at present residing here, on account of his duties as executor of the Astor estate.

Among the few literary novelties of the season, is a new French review—*Les Deux Mondes*—which has just made its appearance. It is a handsome quarto, got up in excellent taste, and will appear weekly. In addition to the political doings of the two worlds, it furnishes, in a *feuilleton*, a glance at the contemporary literature of France.

The great routes of travel are fast radiating from New York to all quarters of the globe. In addition to the innumerable facilities of inland communication, and the steamship lines already established to Liverpool, Southampton, Bremen, Havre, Charleston and New Orleans, we have now a monthly line to Bermuda and the West Indies, and in a few months another will be in operation to Chagres, communicating with one from Panama to Oregon. Splendid packets now leave almost daily for the European ports, and if navigation should long increase at the present rate, the ocean passage will be about equal in convenience to Brooklyn ferry.

May 29, 1848.

The visit of Gen. Scott to this city a few days ago, gave occasion to one of the finest military displays I ever witnessed. You remember, perhaps, how freshly and brightly the blue sheet of our bay gleams out under the branches of the Battery trees, when you pace the shadowed avenues. And if so, you must have thought, as you watched the white sails crossing and re-crossing, that a gayer and more cheerful spectacle could not readily be found. On the day in question, the aspect of the place was far more gay than ordinary; the long lines of the city militia were drawn up on the turf, facing the bay; a company of lancers galloped back and forth, keeping the crowd at a distance, their crimson pennons glancing among the leaves like the wings of some tropic bird; and an artillery corps, stationed on the pier, made their cannon thunder a welcome to the old hero. We were soon wrapped in clouds of sulphurous smoke, and the smell of gunpowder, with the shattering clang of trumpets, and the "silver thrills of kissing cymbals," made me feel, for a time, a strong sympathy with soldier-life. The imposing splendor of martial display, the many attractive accompaniments of war, which its strongest opponent cannot but feel, are to me serious arguments against the speedy approach of the dominion of Peace.

The rush and crush of a crowd at such places always furnishes me with a rich fund of amusement, rather than forego which, I would willingly bear a good portion of its annoyances. All distinctions of society are temporarily laid aside, and you may safely and cordially converse with one whom five minutes afterwards you would not be expected to recognize in the street. The French, I think, must have learned *the art of fraternising*, from the habits of their close-packed Paris mobs. At least, such mobs practically teach *Egalite*, which, with gentlemanly and generous persons is nearly equivalent to *Fraternite*.

Gen. Scott, accompanied by his staff and the different Brigadiers of the Militia—among them, my friend Morris, whose lines are always favorably reviewed—rode up and down the ranks, received with music, and cannon, and enthusiastic cheering. The citizen soldiery manifested a degree of ardor and enthusiasm hardly to be looked for in those, whose friendship has not been proved by the camp-fire and weary night-watch, or the deadly hail of battle. I was so much struck with Scott's stately figure and manly bearing, that I attended his levee at the City Hall, on Friday, to have a more satisfactory view. He looks somewhat thin and care-worn, perhaps, but not a line of his proud, erect form is bent or weakened. The expression of his face is kind and benevolent, the strongly marked outlines indicate unbending firmness of purpose, and his manners have that courtesy and polish for which the officers of the regular army are proverbial. In fact, he is as fine a specimen of a man as one would meet in a month's journey.

If the denizens of some lordly residence of the middle ages,—some Claude Melnotte "picture" of a palace, with its floors of marble, silken tapestries, and profusion of gold and precious wood—were to wake up one morning and find it floating composedly on the waves, a thousand miles from land, they would have a very fair prophetic vision of a modern steamship. Luxury has outdone herself in the decoration of these sea-palaces, and safety is so certain as to be thought of no longer. I had an opportunity of proving this on Saturday last, through participation in the experimental trip of the new steamship, "Crescent City." This boat, intended for the Havana and New Orleans line, is the most magnificent, and showed herself the swiftest now afloat, except it be the "United States." Judging from the countenances, out of six hundred on board, five hundred and ninety of them were light, unconcerned, and happy. When to these enlivening influences you add the sparkling blue of the water, the perfect clearness of the sky, and the green beauty of the shores, you have the material for some hours of joyous experience. We dashed down the bay and steered boldly to sea, leaving Neversink dim on the lee; the salt spray made a hundred rainbows under the wheels, and in and out going vessels, singly and in groups, studded the vast watery field. Give me the free ocean yet, though a demon guards its frontiers! I will brave the threatening spectre, whose grasp makes the landsman pale, for a few weeks' life on the dark blue universe of the deep. I do not wonder that any one loves it; I only wonder at the impatient prayers I made in the midst of rough gales, to have something under my feet which would keep them from changing places with my head.

I shall have much to say in my next concerning the summer sights and sounds of this metropolis, but now the midnight oil fails—the lamp has burned low, and my head has twice descended to the paper, to the great danger of my nose; so for the present, *adios*.

Yours, &c., J. B. T.

New Publications.

The American Manual. *Containing a brief outline of the origin and progress of political power, and the law of nations; a commentary on the Constitution of the United States, and a lucid exposition of the duties and responsibilities of voters, jurors and civil magistrates; with questions, definitions and marginal exercises; designed to develope and strengthen the moral and intellectual powers of youth, and impart an accurate knowledge of the nature and necessity of political wisdom. Adapted to the use of schools, academies, and the public. By Joseph Bartlett Burleigh, A. M. President of Newton University. Phila.: Grigg, Elliot & Co.* We commend the above volume to the attention of teachers and others interested in the instruction of youth, as a work evidently of much labor and research, and one which, in the opinion of many teachers, is calculated to prove an efficient aid in the promotion of habits of reflection, and the manufacture of good citizens. The plan of the work is somewhat explained by the preface, but requires examination to be fully understood.

Statistical tables are attached to the "Manual," which add greatly to its value. They have been prepared with great labor, and exhibit a view of the produce, &c., of the country, based upon the census of 1840, the qualifications of voters in every State in the Union, the manner in which the judiciary is elected or appointed in each State, &c., &c.

Chemical Technology, or Chemistry applied to the Arts and to Manufactures. *By Dr. F. Knapp, Professor at the University of Giessen. Translated and edited, with numerous notes and additions, by Dr. Edmund Ronalds, lecturer on Chemistry at the Middlesex Hospital, and Dr. Thomas Richardson, of Newcastle-on-Tyne. First American edition, with notes and additions by Professor Walter R. Johnson, of Philadelphia. Vol. 1.* This work treats of American coals, relative value of fuel, illuminating power of different materials, process of manufacture of common salt, soda, saltpetre, gunpowder, gun-cotton, soap, oil varnish, gas, &c. It is illustrated with two hundred and fourteen well executed engravings on wood. Published by *Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia.*

Pictorial Life of Benjamin Franklin. The Life of Franklin has a peculiar charm for all young people, and especially for boys. His early struggles, his perseverance, economy, and final triumph over all difficulties, form an interesting and encouraging picture; and we doubt not that the biography of Franklin has *nerved* many a young heart and arm to vigorous efforts, in the right direction, upon the busy stage of life. The biography before us is got up in very pretty style—though we regret the binding is not of stronger material—and is illustrated with numerous engravings. Published by *Lindsay & Blakiston, corner 4th and Chesnut streets, Philadelphia.*

The Green Mountain Boys. *A Historical Tale of the Settlement of Vermont. By the Author of "May Martin, or the Money Diggers," &c. Two volumes in one. Boston: B. B. Mussey & Co.* The author says in his preface to this Tale, that it is intended to embody a number of the more romantic incidents which actually occurred in the early settlement of Vermont, with the use of but little more fiction than is necessary to weave them together. Ethan Allen, of course, occupies a prominent part in the book. For sale by *Thomas, Cowperthwait & Co., Philadelphia.*

The British Female Poets. *Edited by Geo. W. Bethune. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.* This is a handsome volume, containing selections from the most celebrated female authors of Great Britain. In addition to the usual well-known names, we notice poems by Juliana Bernes, the earliest English poetess, Anna Boleyn, Mary Queen of Scots, Queen Elizabeth, Duchess of Newcastle, Lady Montage, &c. A portrait of Mrs. Norton embellishes the volume.

Burder's Religious Ceremonies and Customs. The first number of a work with this title is before us. Its object is to give an account of the religious ceremonies, forms of worship, &c., practised by all the nations of the "*known world*"—of the unknown world it would be of course very unreasonable to ask any information. A brief view of the "minor sects," which exist at the present day, is also to be given. Published by *G. B. Zieber & Co., Philadelphia.*

The Union Magazine. The Union, for June, contains a very pretty engraving called "The Guide," and one called "The Rescue." The literary contents are by Emma Wharton, Mrs. Ellet, Miss Woodman, H. Greeley, Miss Hunter, &c., &c. There is also a Western Sketch by the editor.

The Brother Jonathan. The Pictorial Brother Jonathan, for the Fourth of July, is perhaps the best ever issued. Among other illustrations it contains portraits of Clay, Calhoun, Benton and Webster, the size of life; a very large engraving, representing the storming of Chapultepec; and a fac simile of the original rough draft of the Declaration of Independence. This last alone is worth the price of the paper. For sale by *T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia. Price 12½ cents a number, or ten copies for $1.00.* (*See Advertisement.*)

The Falcon Family; or, Young Ireland. *By the author of "The Bachelor of the Albany." Boston: T. Wiley, Jr.* All we know of this work is, that it is the first American from the second London edition. Those who wish to know more, will be able to make its acquaintance by applying to *T. B. Peterson, 98 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia*, who, for a small sum, will introduce them to the whole "Falcon Family."

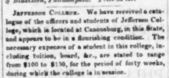
The Peasant and His Landlord. *By the Baroness Knorring. Translated by Mary Howitt. New York: Harper & Brothers.* The name of Mary Howitt upon a foreign book as the translator, has heretofore always proved a warranty that such work was well worth reading. We therefore commend the "Peasant and his Landlord," to the best respects of our readers. *For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia. Price 50 cts.*

Jefferson College. We have received a catalogue of the officers and students of Jefferson College, which is located at Canonsburg, in this State, and appears to be in a flourishing condition. The necessary expenses of a student in this college, including tuition, board, &c., are stated to range from $100 to $130, for the period of forty weeks, during which the college is in session.

Gramatica Inglesa. This is the original grammar by Urcullu to which we alluded in one of our notices last week. It is revised and improved by Fayette Robinson. Published and for sale by *Thomas, Cowperthwait & Co., Philadelphia.*

Universal History of the World. We have received No. 3 of this serial from *T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.*

FOREIGN NEWS.



SEVEN DAYS LATER

Reported Imprisonment of the Pope—Organization of the French Government—Fall in Cotton, &c.

The steamship Hibernia arrived at New York last Saturday, bringing one week's later intelligence from Europe.

The most important item of news, or rather *rumor*, is that the Pope had been deposed on account of his repugnance to declaring war against Austria.

The new Government has been appointed in France, with a complete triumph to the moderate portion of the Provisional Government.

An order had been received at Boulogne, from Paris, to put the whole line of coast in a state of defence, and to mount guns on the detached forts, which are built a little way out at sea. The gates of the upper town are also to be repaired and fortified.

There have been some bloody conflicts between the Poles and the Prussians.

A jealousy exists between the Poles and Germany, and the former will not send members to the Diet.

Further skirmishes have taken place between the Italians and the Austrians, and the situation of the Austrian army in Italy was perilous at the last accounts.

The Danes have blockaded the German ports.

The Prussian and Allied army were at Wiele. Negotiations for peace between Prussia and Denmark were opened at Berlin on the 4th ult., between the British Ambassador and M. de Meyendorf.

An unsuccessful insurrection has occurred at Madrid.

Portugal has issued decrees for the suspension of the slave trade.

Germany is in an agitated state. An army of 50,000 men is stationed between Hamburg and Nuremburg.

Anarchy prevails in Hungary, and the Jewish population are suffering from persecution. A rupture between Hungary and Austria is threatened.

Corn has declined. The lower grades of Cotton have declined fully ⅛d. per pound.

The Jewish Disabilities Bill has not yet passed the House of Commons. Ireland is said to be tranquil.

ROME—REPORTED DEPOSITION OF THE POPE.

The repugnance of the Pope to declare war against Austria, the most Catholic country of Central Europe, has drawn upon his Holiness the whole weight of popular fury. On the 2d ult., a movement was got up at Rome to compel him to declare war against the Austrians, which he long resisted. The safety of the Pope, the Cardinals, and indeed the city itself, being threatened, for the mob vowed they would set fire to it, the Pope at length yielded. The Ministry was dismissed, a new popular administration formed, and the terrorists became completely triumphant.

The concessions made are, that no priests shall in future fill any public employment, war shall be formally declared, Pope Pius IX. to be the head of the Government, a daily bulletin of the news from the seat of war to be published, and encouragement given to volunteers amongst the Roman youth to proceed to fight against the Austrians. The Romans were brought to this pitch of indignation by the cruelties alleged to be practised by Radetsky towards his prisoners.

Imprisonment of the Pope.—A report prevailed in Paris, May 12th, that the Pope, repenting his late hostility to Austria, had revoked his late declaration of war, that in consequence, the people had risen *en masse* and deposed him from his temporal authority—placing him under restraint in the castle of St. Angelo. The *Journal des Debats* confirms the above. It appears that Rome has regularly rebelled against him, and the probability is that his Holiness will be deposed as a temporal Prince. In fact, the entire executive authority appears to be exercised by the new ministry without any control on the part of the Pontiff.

[From the London Times of May 13.]

Some of the journals announced that the Pope had been deposed, and the Republic proclaimed at Rome, but the news seems premature.

IRELAND.

The law officers, have, for once, had luck on their side. Chief Justice Blackburne, on Wednesday, in the Queen's Bench, overruled Mr. Mitchell's pleas of abatement, but his trial will probably not take place until after next term. The case of Mr. O'Brien is fixed for Monday, 15th; that of Mr. Meagher, on Tuesday, 16th, supposing the proceedings in the first instance, to be concluded in one day. The Confederates had a great meeting in Kilkenny, the town of cats, and Messrs. Meagher and Duffy made very violent speeches in utter temporary forgetfulness of the "gagging act." It is said by parties who ought to be well informed, that, for the present, at least, the Repealers have determined that the council of 300 shall not be called together. Induced by the recent proclamation of Lord Clarendon, the determination has the concurrence of the Confederate, as well as of the "moral force" Repealers.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO IRELAND.

It is said, in very well informed quarters in the metropolis, that on the approaching royal visit to Scotland, Ireland will be taken by the way. Much confidence is felt in the loyalty of the mass of the Irish people. The visit is said to be positively fixed for July. Her Majesty will first visit Carton, the seat of the Duke of Leinster.

FRANCE—APPOINTMENT OF AN EXECUTIVE DIRECTORY AND OF A FRENCH MINISTRY.

The tranquil and imposing ceremony of the opening of the National Assembly, and the enthusiastic inauguration of the Republic in a constitutional form, ratified as it was by the universal acclamation of the Deputies, the National Guards, the Army of the Line, and assembled people of the French nation, has given a new impulse to the hopes of the friends of representative freedom; and it is now certain that not only will the experiment of a Democratic Government be fairly put to the trial in France, but that the great problem of the organization of labor will be tested in a spirit to secure its success, if such a scheme can be rendered practicable by human wisdom and exertions.

THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY.

The President on the 5th having observed that the majority of the members had been admitted, and that the Assembly might proceed to elect its President, a desultory discussion arose, relative to the duration of his functions. It was finally agreed that they should be limited to one month.

Nine tables for the scrutineers were then brought in, and the following results were obtained:—M. Buchez, 390; M. Trelat, 234; M. Recurt, 91. M. Buchez was then proclaimed President.

On the 8th ultimo, the President took the chair, at half-past one o'clock, after which Mr. Garnier Pages ascended the tribune to deliver his statement relative to the financial position of the country. He asserted that the recent revolution had saved the country from Bankruptcy, and declared that whoever succeeded him would find the finances in a better position than he had received them.

On the 9th ultimo the Session was opened, at 20 minutes past eleven, and at 10 minutes past twelve he Committee charged with reporting on the Constitution of the interim Government took their places.

M. Peupin, Reporter of the Committee, commenced by stating, that two principal propositions had been made. The first was to appoint a Committee of five representatives, who should name the ministers and direct the Government. The second was to name directly, by ballot, the ministry individually, with a President of a Cabinet without a portfolio; this entire Cabinet to form an Executive Council responsible to the Assembly.—The Report concluded in favor of the latter proposition. The Assembly proceeded to the ballot. The result was as follows:—For the Ministry to be appointed by an Executive Committee, 441; for the Ministry to be appointed by the Chamber direct, 385; majority, 56.

On the 10th ultimo, at 12 o'clock, the President took the chair.

A ballot for members of the Government then commenced, which gave the following result:

Number of voters,	794
Absolute majority,	398
Arago,	725
Garnier Pages,	715
Marie,	702
Lamartine,	643
Ledru Rollin,	453

The five members having obtained the required majority, were proclaimed members of the Executive Committee. The nomination of an Executive Directory seems to have surprised the press. The fall of M. Lamartine from the top, which it was believed he would have occupied, to nearly the lowest place on the list, is the theme of comment in the whole of the Paris journals of the 11th. For this apparent decline in his popularity, several causes are assigned. The principal one is the solicitude he expressed that M. Ledru Rollin should be named one of the Executive. M. Arago was, on the occasion, a sort of neutral person, and to him were therefore given the votes of nearly the entire Assembly. From the tone of the ultra Republican papers, it is clear that opposition to M. Lamartine, of the most decided character, is contemplated. It is proposed by the section of which M. Barbes is deemed chief, that no Director, nor Consulate, nor Presidency, shall be created, but that the Republic shall be governed by a Committee of the National Assembly. This will be opposed and will not succeed.

The Government has issued the following proclamation:—

PROCLAMATION.

The National Assembly, faithful interpreter of the sentiments of the people who have elected it, before commencing its labors, declares, in the name of the French people, and in the face of the whole world, that the Republic proclaimed on the 24th of February, 1848, is, and will remain, the form of Government of France. The Republic which France desires has for its device, liberty, equality, fraternity. In the name of the country the Assembly conjures all Frenchmen of all opinions to forget their old differences, and to form henceforth only one family. The day which unites the representatives of the people is for all citizens the festival of concord and fraternity. "Vive la Republique!"

On the 6th ult., all the Republican clubs in Paris voted, by acclamation, a resolution of which the object is to call on the National Assembly immediately to interfere actively in the affairs of Poland and of Italy.

"The organization of the two armies of the Rhine and the North is being carried on," says the *Messager*, "with activity in the war office. The general officers are appointed, and the regiments chosen. The two armies will occupy the line of the frontiers from the Manche to the Doubs, joining with the army of the Alps. These three corps will amount to 180,000 men, and, in addition, an army of reserve is to be formed."

It was reported in Paris that Ledru Rollin had tendered his resignation.

The Paris papers of May 12th, announce the formation of the new Ministry for France.

It consists of the following persons:

Foreign Affairs,	M. Bastide.
War,	M. Charras.
Finance,	M. Duclerc.
Justice,	M. Cremieux.
Public Instruction,	M. Carnot.
Commerce,	M. Flocon.
Public Worship,	M. Bethmont.
Public Works,	M. Trelat.
Marine,	M. Casey.
Interior,	M. Recurt.

A correspondent of the New York Herald says: The intermediate governing power, in order to distinguish it from the extinct Provisional Government, has assumed the title of "Executive Committee of Government." No one here is surprised at the choice made by the Assembly. The names chosen had been put forward as a *gouvernement de conciliation*, and was accepted as such even by many who disapprove of the policy of M. Ledru Rollin. The result was, therefore, expected, and the names of Lamartine, Ledru Rollin, Arago, Garnier Pages, and Marie, are precisely those which every one expected to find at the head of the poll. But what has excited great surprise is the position of M. de Lamartine on the list. Instead of being first, as he has been on so many election polls, and is still in the opinion of the country, he comes only fourth. He has fewer votes than any of his colleagues, with the exception of the unpopular Ledru Rollin himself. How comes this? There are different explanations of it.

Among some, M. de Lamartine has given offence to the moderate members of the Assembly, by the decided stand which he has taken in favor of the retention of M. Ledru Rollin in power, and especially in consequence of his speech on that subject, in the sitting of Monday. The anger of these parties, it is said, is shown by their having abstained from voting in favor of him, while they gave their votes to M. Arago and M. Garnier Pages. According to others, it was the ultra republic or Ledru Rollin party which abstained from voting in favor of Lamartine.

No judgment can yet be formed of the opinion which will preponderate in the new Government. The choice came undoubtedly from a bad source, namely, from a meeting of M. Ledru Rollin's friends, and it is to be apprehended that it was made in the full conviction that the names selected would consolidate that gentleman's power. Certain it is that the *Reforme*, the organ of M. Ledru Rollin, supported the members named, and is now in ecstasies with the result. The *National*, however, appears equally satisfied with what has been done, and says, "it is an act of high political wisdom."

The sitting of the Assembly yesterday closed with a debate, of which M. Louis Blanc was the hero. That gentleman chose to come forward to propose the creation of a new department of Government, and the appointment of a Minister of Labor and Progress. The appearance M. Louis Blanc made, and the reception which he met with from the House, shows how low he has fallen in public opinion; and certainly there was nothing either in the matter nor the manner of his speech yesterday, that would lead the most determined admirer of the author of "The History of Ten Years," to think that his fall has been undeserved. M. Louis Blanc complained bitterly of the calumnies and falsehoods to which he had been exposed, and pronounced a long eulogium upon himself, in which he spoke of his fatigues, his sacrifices, and presented himself as a victim to his love for the people.

The Assembly protested loudly against this pretension on the part of M. Blanc to set himself up as the only representative of the people, and a scene of great confusion ensued. He then complained of the calumnies to which the commission of the Luxembourg had been exposed. Upon which M. Peupin, a real *ouvrier*, and a most sensible one, rose and exposed the folly of such a department as that proposed by M. Louis Blanc, as all its attributes came within those of the Minister of Public Works. M. Peupin produced great laughter by declaring that if the people abused the commission of the Luxembourg, they were very unjust, for it had done nothing. The proposition for the creation of a department of Labor and Progress was rejected unanimously.

M. Wolowski then brought forward the question of Poland, and M. d'Aragon that of Italy. It was agreed that the debates upon both these questions should be held on Monday next.

The *fete* of Concord remains fixed for the 14th. The towns neighboring to Paris, within a distance of sixty leagues, have decided to send a certain number of National Guards to Paris, to fraternize with the people and army. Already on the Boulevards and front of the national edifices, works of decoration and illumination are in progress. The grand estrade is being constructed in the Champ de Mars, as well as the wood-work for letting off the fireworks. It has been decided that the suspension bridge of the Invalides shall be closed on that day, as, though perfectly firm, it could not safely be trusted with the great mass of people that would pass over it on the day of the *fete*.

The National Assembly, Wednesday, May 10.—The vote of the previous day for the nomination of an Executive Government was considered, but the debate was without interest, and more personal than public. M. Lamartine announced that on Monday he would state the course he recommended France to take in Italy and Poland.

Public securities of all kinds rose considerably on the Paris Bourse on Wednesday.

It was reported that M. Bastide was to succeed M. de Lamartine, as Minister of Foreign Affairs, and that M. Marrast had been requested to accept the department of the Interior. The intended resignation of Lamartine from public life was also spoken of, but seems improbable. M. Louis Blanc and Albert (*ouvrier*) have retired from the Luxembourg, and is supposed they have given up their hope of succeeding in the Communist project.

The army of the Alps is, it is said, about to be reinforced by a fourth division, comprised of three brigades which had arrived in complete order from Algeria. Preparations are being made to concentrate the army at the foot of the Alps. A letter from Lyons states that the Army of the Alps has received all the materials for opening a campaign.

The project of a Constitution for the French Republic, published by the Abbe Lamennais, which may be considered as foreshadowing that which the Assembly will definitely adopt, consists of 100 articles, in which principles of a high order of generality are affirmed, the details being left to be arranged by organic laws. He proposes a single representative chamber, elected by universal suffrage every three years; a President elected every three years by the country, in the same manner as the Assembly—his salary 300,000 francs; an elective magistracy; the application of trial by jury to civil causes; and progressive taxation. The imprescriptible rights of man are declared to be equality, liberty, safety, property and education. The state protects all religions but pays none. Freedom of discussion by speech and writing are affirmed, also freedom of person and inviolability of domicile.

STILL LATER.

The New York Courier has a correspondent at London, who furnishes the very latest news, by telegraph, to the moment of the steamer's sailing. His last despatch by the Hibernia is as follows:—

Madrid in a state of Siege—Poland to be Erected into a Kingdom—Austrians Defeated with great Loss by the Italians—Martial Law at Prague.

Madrid is again declared in a state of siege. Another insurrection is hourly expected. Numerous executions have taken place.

The Brighton Gazette says the batteries along the line of coast are being extensively repaired, strengthened and mounted.

A Revenue Cutter is constantly employed in bringing heavy ordnance from Woolwich, and the Guards on the coast are daily practising under the direction of a master gunner.

The Emperor of Russia is said to have consented to the elevation of Poland into a Kingdom under his son-in-law. How far Prussia and Austria would consent is another question.

The Grand Duke of Constradt is expected to take command of the Prussian fleet and proceed to the Sound, in protection, as it is said, of Prussian commerce. He was expected there daily.

Generals Tourout and Bucchi are said, in letters from Venice, to have defeated twenty thousand Austrians with immense loss.

At Venice, the idea gains ground of a union with the Lombardy princes.

At Prague the proclamation of martial law is daily expected, the German party being all but powerless except under military rule.

Bank of France: protested Bills 26 millions francs. Bonded Bills 18 millions. Treasury credits only 13 millions.

Orders have been received from Paris to put Calais and Dunkirk in a state of defence.

An Aid-de-camp from the Commanding General at Posen has arrived at Berlin, with the news of the *complete defeat of the Polish insurgents, under Mieroslawski, on the 7th, and the surrender at discretion of the whole body.*

Letters from Elsinore, of the 6th, state that the next week Sweden and Norway would aid Denmark, by sending twenty thousand men to the Isle of Furen.

Life in Boston.

PASSING EVENTS IN MODERN ATHENS.

Boston, May, 1848.

Gentlemen:—We were supposed, in the letter of last week, to be standing up in the dome of the State House, and viewing the town and country around, as seen from that high and favorable situation. We now look out from the *North window*, on the left, a mile or two distant, lies Cambridgeport, beyond it is Old Cambridge, with Harvard University partly obscured by the trees around the Colleges. The buildings, with perhaps the exception of Gore Hall, are old shabby brick, ugly structures, and since the population has increased, and so many villages sprung up around Cambridge, the studies of the students are much encroached upon by various temptations to waste time, squander money and dissipate. East Cambridge is seen to the right of Cambridgeport; there are also seen chimnies running upward above all surrounding objects, like towering monuments—they are part of the great Glass Works of East Cambridge. Among the group of Cambridges, is seen West Cambridge, and that closes the lot. The next object of interest is the McLean Hospital, for the Insane. Patients may be placed in this desirable place, and well taken care of, by paying a weekly bill of three to five dollars. This institution, opened in 1817, is in the little village of Somerville, three or four miles from Boston. Somerville is partly situated on *Winter Hill*, an eminence which served as a protecting barrier to the Americans while flying from the British cannon at Bunker Hill. I have a ball dug out of Winter Hill, supposed to have been deposited there by some of the British cannoniers during the above retreat. Somerville has become quite a literary retreat:—the Rev. Mr. Norris, editor of the Olive Branch, has his residence there; Mr. Purdy, senior editor of the Daily Mail, has also bought a residence and grounds there, and by his sun-burnt and hearty appearance, I suppose he has gone right into the merits of Agriculture. Mr. Purdy has had considerable experience in the type-sticking and editorial business; formerly operated on the hills of Vermont, then Lowell, then edited the Boston Daily Times, and finally, in conjunction with J. N. Bradley, Esq., he started the Mail, a thrifty penny daily. Purdy has been industrious and prudent, and hence he retires, in the prime of life, from the fields of literature to the fields of Agriculture, a rich and happy man, with a large and prosperous family about him. Justin Jones, editor of the Banner, I believe, has also located and bought property in Somerville, with sundry other literary ladies and gentlemen. Mount Benedict is the next object, and one of peculiar interest, from the fact that on that hill stood the Ursuline Convent, destroyed, you will recollect, by a mob, in the month of August, 1834. The far-famed Gen. George Washington Dixon was supposed to have been the prime mover of that affair. It was a deplorable event, and the ruins still stand as a monument of the bad deed. Massachusetts State Prison is seen across Charles River in Charlestown; it is not very large, and contains about three hundred creatures of all climes, degrees and complexions. Last summer, in company with Editor Simonds, of the Rambler, I visited the State Prison, and was rather gratified with the Christian-like mode there pursued for the punishment and correction of the criminal. There is none of your inhuman, lunatic-making *solitary* confinement, as practised in Pennsylvania State Prisons; but every felon is obliged to work—he thus earns his living, obtains the exercise and air necessary for *life*, and is kept under a drill, or *regime*, that fully carries out the ends and purposes demanded by justice and humanity, without resorting to methods partaking of *vengeance*, and in no way calculated to benefit society or reform the felon.*

Charlestown, immediately opposite us, is flourishing very rapidly; it is a beautiful town or *city*, (there are now *four cities* here, within an area of four miles!) somewhat resembles and is about the size of Wilmington, Del. Bunker Hill is now almost in the midst of Charlestown, the gigantic granite obelisk monument looks down upon the pigmy houses about it, as stately as a grenadier in a cornfield; and there I hope the monument will remain for forty centuries, a warning to all usurpers of the rights of man. The Navy Yard, Dry Dock and ship houses lie at the water side of the town, one of the best locations that I have ever seen for a Navy Yard. Three hundred busy artizans are now hammering away there, getting the Vermont ready for her salt bath. This immense frigate has been on the stocks for fifteen or twenty years, but will soon be dipped into her proper element. Gen. Jackson viewed the Vermont when he was here in 1833, and the old hero pronounced her a model. In this Navy Yard is the most perfect "rope walk" in the United States, where hawsers and cordage are spun for Uncle Sam; the machinery is driven by one of *Tufts's* famous engines, which is very powerful, nearly all steel and polished as bright as silver, and runs with such minute precision that, turning your back to the engine, you can scarcely hear its evolutions beside you. We must defer further sights and observations for our next.

FALCONBRIDGE.

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*Note—Falconbridge, it seems, has adopted the usual Boston "notion," in reference to the admirable Penitentiary System of this State. The Pennsylvania system is not "solitary confinement," but *separate* confinement. And as to its merits, we need only say, that every foreign commissioner who has visited the country in order to examine into the various systems of prison discipline, has decided, after careful examination, in favor of the Pennsylvania system of separate confinement, as the one best calculated to reform the prisoner and restore him a wiser and better man to society. To this we may add, that while many years ago the Boston philanthropists were unanimous in opposition to the Pennsylvania system, now there is a very strong party in favor of it.—*Editor Saturday Evening Post.*

Items of News.

A New Telegraph Invention.—It is stated in late London papers that Mr. T. C. Bakewell has invented a copying Telegraph, which by means of a single wire will execute at any distance at the rate of 500 letters per minute, a complete fac simile of any written or printed communication. If this is correct, we will doubtless have further particulars.

Conviction of Dr. Salisbury.—The jury in the case of Dr. Salisbury, tried for counterfeiting, has returned a verdict of guilty. The evidence in the case seemed scarcely to admit of a doubt, and the verdict of the jury is upheld by the honest convictions of all who listened to the trial. The doctor has not yet been sentenced.—*Rochester Advertiser.*

The Iron Business.—According to a correspondent of the Washington Union, not less than *twenty-nine* new iron establishments have been erected in five of the North Western Counties of this State, since 1846.

A Decided Hit.—A valise maker in New York has just sent, as a present, a travelling trunk to each of the crowned heads of Europe.

LATEST NEWS!

WAR IN OREGON.

War has broken out in Oregon between the American settlers and the Indians. Four tribes have united against the whites, and four battles have taken place, in three of which the whites were successful. Five hundred whites fought a body of two thousand Indians a whole day, when the Indians retreated, after wounding a great many of the whites.

The beginning of the war was as follows:—On the 29th of November, a most horrid and brutal massacre was committed by the Cayuse Indians, at the Presbyterian Mission, in the Wallah-Wallah Valley. Dr. Whitman and wife, with eighteen others, were killed, and sixty or seventy taken prisoners. The houses of the Missionaries and their neighbors were burned to the ground. The unfortunate prisoners were subsequently ransomed, through the agency of Peter Sken Ogden, chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Major Meek, who brings the above intelligence, was deputed by the Legislature of Oregon to ask immediate aid from the Government.

The cause of the outbreak of the Indians is variously given. One account says that fever and dysentery prevailed to a great extent among the Indians at the Mission, in consequence of which a great number had died, and that the Indians finally came to the conclusion that Dr. Whitman's medicines contained poison. One of the Doctor's party is said to have confirmed them in this opinion. In order to satisfy any doubt upon the point, it is reported that they requested the Doctor to administer medicine to three of their friends, two of whom were really sick, but the third only feigning illness, and that the three were corpses next morning.

Another account attributes the cause of the deaths from measles, which they had caught from the white settlers. But the Indians have been a long time looking with distrust and fear upon the encroachments of the whites, who took their land without giving an equivalent for it. This, with the recent death of one of their chiefs, by the hands of emigrants, has probably been the true cause of the hostilities.

FROM MEXICO.

The last news from Mexico is highly favorable. The Mexican Congress is at length organized—eighty Deputies being present, considerably more than a quorum. It is said that the treaty was to have been signed on the 25th ult. Herrera, it is believed, has been elected President.

Pena y Pena is out with a long message to the Congress, in which he says that the only salvation to the Mexican nation is in peace.

It is presumed, from the political division of the Deputies, that sixty-one will vote for peace, and fourteen for war.

One of the principal States of the Mexican Republic, that of Jalisco, has sent a communication to the Government, in which it says: "If Congress defers any longer in its definite meeting, the State of Jalisco, for its part, will recognize the treaty made by the Mexican Government as ratified, and will recall its delegates." This communication was sent to the Senate, and was read in that body.

The military commission appointed for the trial of the parties accused of the burglary and murder in the Calle de la Palma, has adjourned, the trials having been finished. The Court has found all parties guilty, with the exception, of course, of those who became evidence for the prosecution, (Armstrong and Hollister,) of both the burglary and murder, and has sentenced them to be hung. It is supposed the commanding general will approve the sentence. All the men found guilty, Lieuts. Hare, Dutton, Madson and Tilden, and Sergeants Wragg and Stuart, and private Wall, it has been proved, have fought well in the war.

Capt. Shover, on his march from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico, attached to the carriage of one of his guns a viameter, by which he measured accurately the distance from Vera Cruz to that city, and between the intermediate points. The whole distance is 252½ miles, some fifteen or twenty miles less than the Mexican estimate.

Local Intelligence.

EMIGRANTS.

The "Emigrants' Friend Society," apologizes for not replying to letters, on account of their number. The Secretary sends us the following notice for insertion:

"Efforts to send emigrants to them have in many instances failed, owing to the persons sent out not having funds to carry them so far, and they have found employment on the way. It is very desirable, that the travelling expenses of emigrants should be deposited at our office, with instructions for the route, by those who wish to hire them. Our agent would then ship them to the place of destination. It will be gratifying to the friends of the Society to learn, that numerous as are the arrivals of emigrants at our port, situations are readily found for all persons who are able and willing to engage in the cultivation of the soil, or employ themselves in such business as an agricultural community sustains.

"D. R. THOMPSON, Secretary."

FINAL SENTENCE.

Charles Langfeldt, convicted of the murder of Mrs. Catharine Rademacher, has been finally sentenced to death. The prisoner, when asked whether he had anything to say why his sentence should not be passed upon him, raised his hand, and *asserted his innocence*. Our readers will remember the horrid particulars of this case. The evidence, though circumstantial, was of the strongest kind—while the *defence* of the prisoner was scarcely a *defence* at all. There cannot be even a doubt as to Langfeldt's guilt. His object is not so apparent—whether he was impelled by hatred, or by a desire to plunder, it is difficult to say. The Governor has not yet issued the warrant for his execution.

POSTSCRIPT.

FOUR DAYS LATER.

DISTURBANCES IN PARIS.

The United States has arrived at New York, bringing four days later news.

The mob of Paris had risen on the 15th, and forcibly entered the National Assembly. M. Hubert rose and proclaimed, in the name of the People, the dissolution of the Assembly.

Still we also notice that Blanqui and other leaders of the mob have been arrested, which would imply that the moderate party is still in the ascendant. The demonstration of the mob seems to have been called out on behalf of Poland.

There has been a sanguinary battle between the Italians and Austrians, in which the latter had the worst of it.

Flour and cotton are steady and improving.

IRELAND.

Mr. Mitchell, editor of the United Irishman, has been arrested by the British Government under the new law for felony.

The trial of O'Brien has closed—the jury not being able to agree. Mr. Meagher's was proceeding, but would probably have the same result.

Miscellaneous.

SMOKING TO EXCESS.

"Now, my dear Mr. Smashpipes, I am sure you are ruining your health, smoking and smoking, as you do all the time. I never saw anything like it in my life."

"Bless me, my love! What's the matter now? You talk as if you never saw a segar before!"

"No, I don't mean that; but I really think you do carry it to excess."

"Really, Mrs. S. you don't mean to insinuate I puff too much?"

"Indeed I do—you are getting to be nothing but a perambulating old smoke house."

"Well, madam?"

"And you'll certainly kill yourself, the way you're—"

"Now, my dear, don't go off into a whine; you are mistaken; bless your heart, I don't think I am unreasonable about it."

"Well, I do, and every one else does. It's nothing but smoke, smoke, smoke, from morning till night and from night till morning, and if you don't call that excess I don't know what is."

"N-o-w—m-y—d-e-a-r! don't take on so. I tell you I don't smoke to excess."

"And I—say—you—do, so there!"

"Why, I only smoke twenty-five or thirty a day."

"Twenty-five or thirty?"

"That's all."

"My stars and ga——iters! And you don't call that smoking to excess?"

"No."

"Well, Mr. Smashpipes, perhaps you'll tell me what you do consider smoking to excess?"

"Certainly, my love."

"I'm listening."

"Well, I think a man may be said to smoke too much when—"

"Well, what?"

"Why, when he smokes two segars at once!"

(Mr. S. put his thumb to his nose, wiggled his fingers and winked. Mrs. S. took a pinch of snuff, and went on with her knitting.)—*Buffalo Courier.*

☞ Fanny Kemble Butler arrived in the Hibernia.

The Poet not the Peer.—Victor Hugo was seen during the insurrectionary movements in Paris by the crowd.

"Down with him," was the cry, "he is a Peer of France."

"No," was the answer, "*but he is a poet!*"

And that saved him! As an aristocrat of Paris, he would have been trampled upon. As a Poet he was revered.

☞ "Be moderate in everything," as the boy said to the schoolmaster, when the latter was whipping him.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

Saturday Afternoon, May 27, 1848.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The continued light receipts of Flour have again tended to maintain prices in the face of a limited demand. The week's sales comprising 5000 barrels common brands Pennsylvania and Western at $5.75a5.87½, chiefly at the former rate, and about 500 bbls Brandywine, and 5a600 good Western at $6 per bbl. The sales for city use have ranged from $6 to 6.75, as in quality. Rye Flour is dull of sale, but owing to its scarcity prices have been quite firm—sales of 500 bbls at $3.87½ per bbl. Corn Meal has declined 12½c per bbl—sales of 3500 bbls at $2.37½ early in the week, and since at $2.31¼a2.25, chiefly at the lowest rate, for Pennsylvania, and some Brandywine at $2.37½ per bbl.

GRAIN—The supplies of Wheat have considerably increased this week, and prices have declined 12a15 cts—sales of 15,000 bushels good to prime Pennsylvania reds at $1.35a1.37 early in the week, mixed red and white at $1.38a1.37, and white at $1.40a1.44 per bushel—since, sales at $1.30 for good reds, and $1.32a1.33 for prime white. Rye continues dull, with light receipts—we quote at 76a78c for Pennsylvania, with small sales. Corn has been in fair demand, but at lower rates—sales of 35,000 bushels Southern and Pennsylvania at 49½a51c for good yellow, and 46a48 for Southern white, closing at the lowest rates. Oats—Market dull—sales of 3000 bushels Southern at 37a38 cts.

PROVISIONS—The market for Western Pork is quiet, and prices are stationary; sales of 5a600 bbls at $10a10.50 for Mess, and $8.25a8.50 for Prime per bbl. Beef—180 tcs and bbls City Mess sold at $12a12.50. Bacon—The demand is moderate—sales of 600 hhds and tierces at 5½a6c for pickled Hams; 4¼a4½ for Sides, and 3¼a3½ for Shoulders. Sales of cured Hams at 7½a10c for plain and covered. Lard is firm at 6½a7½ cts, with moderate sales. Butter is scarce and wanted at 13a18c, as in quality. Cheese—Further sales to some extent at 5a6½c.

ASHES—We note sales at $5.25a5.50 per 100 lbs for uninspected Western.

BARK—There has been more inquiry for Quercitron and 175 hhds sold at $25 and 23 per ton for first quality Nos. 1 and 2.

BEESWAX—The market remains very dull, and no sales of magnitude have transpired.

CANDLES—Small sales of Sperm at 30a31c. Tallow Candles sell at 11a12 for Mould, and 10a11 for Dipped.

COAL—The demand for Anthracite is yet moderate, and prices are nearly steady. We continue to quote White Ash Lump at $3.37½a3.50; Broken and Egg $3.50a3.62½; Red Ash Lump $3.62½; Broken Egg and stove sizes $3.75 per ton, delivered on board. Sales of Lehigh, at Bristol, at $3.87½ for Lump, and $3.75 for Broken and Egg. Sales by retail at $4.50a4.75 for Schuylkill, and $4.75a5 for Lehigh, delivered. 4a5000 bushels Allegheny Bituminous sold at 16a17 cents per bushel.

COFFEE—The demand continues moderate, owing to limited supplies—sales of 1000 bags Puerto Cabello at 5¼a6½; 700 Rio at 7½a7¾, and 300 St. Domingo at 5½a6c, 4 mos.

COTTON—The favorable tenor of the European advices per Caledonia, in connection with an unusually light stock, has caused an advance of fully ¼c per lb, particularly on the finer grades, which are very scarce. The week's sales comprise about 875 bales, including New Orleans, Upland and Mobile, at from 6½a8½ cts cash and 4 mos.

DRUGS AND DYES—Among the sales this week we note sales of 15 cerooms Caraccas Indigo at 92c; 125 casks Soda Ash at 3½a3¾c; some Sal Soda at 2½a2¾; Crude Camphor at 18a20c; and Castor Oil at $1.25 a1.30.

FISH—The demand for Mackerel has fallen off, and prices are drooping. Sales to a moderate extent of No. 1 at $8.50a9.75; No. 2 at $7a7.50, and No. 3 at $5a5.50 per bbl. Codfish sell at $3.62½a3.87½ per 112 lbs; and Herring at 75a85c per box.

FEATHERS—The demand has again been to a fair extent, and 30,000 lbs Western sold at 35a38c per lb.

FRUIT—A cargo of 4500 pkgs Malaga Raisins have arrived this week, and was mostly offered at auction this morning, but owing to the unpleasant weather the sale was postponed. About 500 boxes Sicily Lemons sold at an average of $2 per box. Further sales of Western Dried Peaches at $1.50a1.62½, and Apples at $1a1.12½ per bushel.

GINSENG—Further sales of 1200 lbs Crude at 3[illegible] per lb.

GUANO—The sales have been to a limited extent at $45a50 per ton as in quality—500 bbls Patagonia sold by auction at $15a25 per ton.

HEMP—About 50 bales Dew Rotted sold at a price not made public.

HOPS—Prices are steady at 7a7½c per lb, with moderate sales.

HONEY—An invoice of Cuba sold at near 43½c on the usual credit.

IRON—The demand is yet moderate, and most of the recent receipts, which are still light, are on Eastern account. Sales of 3000 tons Pennsylvania Pig at $24a29, as in quality, for Anthracite, and $28a32 for Forge and Foundry Metal. Bar Iron ranges from $70 to 75, and Blooms $55a70 per ton. Further sales of Scotch Pig at $28a29, on the usual credit.

LATHS—Are in fair demand, with sales of 200,000 Eastern at $1.30 per M.

LEAD—There has been more demand—400 pigs sold early in the week at 4c short credit, and since 4000 do at 4c, 6 mos—establishing a decline.

LEATHER—Prices are steady, with a moderate demand.

LUMBER—The supplies from all quarters are increasing, but the demand is yet moderate. Cargo sales of Carolina Flooring Boards at $13a16; Susquehanna White Pine at $11a15; Hemlock Joists $7a7.50, and Scantling at $7a8 per M. Shipped from the Lehigh region for the week ending 20th ult.

	Feet
	1,847,600
Previously this year,	5,059,928
Total,	6,907,528

MOLASSES—The market has been quiet, and the only sales of which we are advised, are 75 hhds Cardenas at 18½c 4 mos. and 100 barrels New Orleans in terms not made public.

NAVAL STORES—The sales this week include 2500 bbls Rosin, part to arrive, at 65c for common and $2 for No. 1 per bbl; 200 bbls Tar sold at $2, and some Pitch at $1.12½ per bbl. Further sales of Spirits of Turpentine at 30a33c per gallon.

OILS—Linseed continues dull of sale, and prices are lower; sales in hhds and bbls at 59a60c. Sperm is in moderate demand at $1.10a1.20, and Whale at 3[illegible]a38c. Further sales of Lard Oil at 65a70c.

PLASTER—Receipts increasing, with several cargo sales at $2.25 per ton.

RICE—The market is poorly supplied, with a good demand—sales of 300 casks at 3½a3¾c.

SALT—An invoice of 700 sacks Liverpool Fine, and 4500 bushels Turks Island sold on private terms.

SEEDS—Cloverseed has been in limited demand at $3.50a4 per bushel. Further sales of Flaxseed at $1.30a1.36, and Timothy at $2a2.50 per bushel.

SPIRITS—From a cargo of French Brandy on the wharf sales of 75 pkgs have been made at $1.20 and 1.30 for Bordeaux, and moderate sales from store within the same range; Rochelle at $1.50a1.55, and Old Cogniac at $2.50a2.75. Gin—We note sales of 50 Holland, on landing, at $1.25a1.35 per gallon. N. E. Rum is dull at 27a28c. Whiskey is lower—sales in hhds and bbls at 21a22c, and since at 20½c in hhds and 21½ in bbls.

SUGARS—The market has been inactive, and no sales of importance have transpired since our last weekly review.

TALLOW—The demand is quite limited.

TEAS—The market is quiet at former rates.

TOBACCO—The demand for Kentucky is still very limited, with sales of 110 hhds at 3a7c.

WINE—A small catalogue of the ordinary and medium grades was offered by auction to-day, and partly sold at fair prices.

WOOL—We have no change to note in the market this week.—*Bicl. Reporter.*

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia, May 29.—The offerings of Beef Cattle for the week reached between 13 and 1400 head—a large proportion of which were sold at from $5.50 to 7.50 per 100 pounds. Hogs—A larger number than usual were offered, and brought from $5 to 6.25 per 100 lbs. Cows—250 in the market, and sold as follows: $25 to 35 for Fresh; $15 to 25 for Springers; $8 to 14 for Dry. Sheep and Lambs are bringing from $2 to 4 for the former, and from $1 to 3 for the latter, according to quality.

New York, June 29.—At market, 1200 Beef Cattle, all from the South and West, via Philadelphia; 85 Cows and Calves and 1600 Sheep and Lambs. Prices—Beef Cattle—There has been a very good demand through the week, but the average of prices is wider than usual. Sales made at from $5 to 8 per 100 lbs. Left over about 200 head. A lot of 80 head were taken for export to Bermuda, and the supply of the English naval station there. Sheep and Lambs are in fair request. Sales of the former at from $1.75 to 2.50, $3a5.25—and of the latter at from $1.25a2.50 to $3.75—all taken. Hogs—4a4½c gross.

Baltimore, May 29.—Beef Cattle—There were offered at market on Monday about 600 head, of which 300 were sold to city butchers, 35 to a Washington butcher, and 200 driven to Philadelphia; the remainder left unsold. Sales ranged from $3.50 to 3.75 live weight, being equal to $6a6.37½ dead or nett weight, and averaging about $3 per 100 lbs gross, which is a decline. Small sales at corresponding figures have since been [illegible]. Hogs—Small sales at $4.25a4.62 per 100 lbs.

NEW YORK MARKETS, MAY 27.

Ashes—Sales of about 100 bbls, both sorts, were made at $4.75 for pots, and at $5 for pearls. Receipts down the Hudson River—ashes, 374 bbls.

Beeswax—Sales of 2000 lbs were made at 22c.

Breadstuffs—Flour—The sales again footed up about 4a5000 bbls, consisting chiefly of Oswego, with some lots Michigan and common and Genesee at $5.[illegible]; sales of 200 bbls flat hoop Ohio were made at $5.75. Southern was in fair demand, with sales at $6.12½a6.25, and 200 bbls sold at $6a6.12½.

Wheat—There was very little offering, and the market was rather bare of good Genesee, and holders firm; sales of 1000 bushels of Ohio were made at $1.[illegible]. Corn—Sales of 3500 bushels Western mixed were reported at 49c, Jersey yellow remained at 58 c.a. and common flat yellow at 53c. Meal—Sales of 150 bbls New Jersey were reported at $2.50. Rye was inactive at 70c. There was no change in Oats. Sales of River and Canal were made at 46a47c. Beans—Sales of 100 bbls white were made at 16 c.

Cotton—About 600 bales were disposed of before the Hibernia arrived; after the news was received there were no operations made. The market exhibited a downward tendency at the close of the day.

Provisions—Pork was heavy, and sales light. In a large way, the quotations were $10 for mess, and $8 for prime. Sales of 60 bbls mess were reported at $9.87½, and 200 bbls reported at $10. Sales of 50 bbls pickled hams were made at 3½c. Sales of 6000 lbs dry salted Bacon sides were made on private terms. Lard was firm, and sales of 300 kegs were made on private terms. 90 bbls prime sold at 6¼c, and 300 do at 6a6½c. Beef—Sales of 20,000 pounds smoked were made at 9c. There was no change in Butter or Cheese.

BALTIMORE TOBACCO MARKET.

The Baltimore Patriot says:—"The Tobacco market still continues inactive. There is nothing doing in Ohio, and but a few hogsheads Maryland of a peculiar quality. We omit the quotations for the present as they are all nominal. Inspections for the week are 525 hhds including 344 Maryland, 177 Ohio, 3 Kentucky and 1 Pennsylvania."

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1848.

INTERESTING TO POST-MASTERS.

Congress have just passed an Act amending the Act of 1845, relative to compensation to Postmasters. The new Act provides that the rates of commissions, authorized to be paid to Postmasters by the first Section of said Act, shall be allowed and paid to them, *on the amount of postage received in each quarter of a year*, and in due proportion for any period less than a quarter, instead of being allowed and paid on the amount received for a *year*, as was by mistake provided for in said Act.

Sec. 2. And be it further enacted, That all Postmasters, whose commissions have been diminished by their being allowed and paid on the amount of postage received in a year, instead of on the amount received in a quarter, shall be permitted to resettle and adjust their accounts according to the first section of this Act, and shall be allowed and paid such sum as may be justly found their due on such resettlement of their accounts.

Sec. 3. And be it further enacted, That the Postmaster General be authorized to employ, temporarily, such additional clerks as may be found necessary for the resettlement of the accounts of Postmasters authorized by this Act.

Sec. 4. And be it further enacted, That, to the Postmasters at offices where the mail is regularly to arrive between the hours of nine o'clock at night and five in the morning, the commission on the first hundred dollars collected in one quarter may be increased by the Postmaster General to a sum not exceeding fifty per cent.

EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

In the Virginia Episcopal Convention at Norfolk, an amendment to the Canons of the Church was proposed by Rev. Mr. Norwood, of Richmond, making it the duty of every Minister in the Diocese of Virginia, to exclude from the communion table, all members of the Church who were addicted to gaming and horse racing, who should attend public balls, theatrical exhibitions, ballet dancings, and the exhibition of the model artists. It gave rise to a long and animated discussion. Bishop Johns stated that he had offered the amendment in the Committee of which he was Chairman, but that the other members (three in number) were opposed to it, and he was in a minority of one. He was pleased to see that it had met with so different a reception in the Convention. After some remarks from Bishop Meade, the question was put, and it was entered, as carried unanimously.

METHODIST CONFERENCE.

The Committee on the state of the Church have finally reported, May 22, on the "Plan of separation," passed by the General Conference of 1844. They declare it to be of no effect—"null and void," for reasons which they assign at some length. We see it stated that the Conference, by a vote of 133 to 9 sustained the report.

Political Intelligence

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION.

We continue our account of the proceedings of the Baltimore Convention.

It was resolved that Gen. Commander should have power to cast the whole nine electoral votes of South Carolina.

On the question being put upon the adoption of the two-thirds rule—it was decided affirmatively—yeas 174, nays 78. The negative votes were, from Massachusetts 2, Vermont 5, Rhode Island 1, Pennsylvania (entire) 26, Delaware 1, Maryland 1, Ohio (entire) 23, Indiana 9, Missouri 6, and Wisconsin 1.

The Committee on the New York rival delegations, reported in favor of the "Hunkers" or Syracuse delegates. When the Committee met, before they had taken any action, they desired both sets of delegates to pledge themselves in advance to the decision of the Convention, and to support the election of its nominees. This the "Barnburners" refused to do; whereupon the Committee reported in favor of the "Hunkers."

Representatives of each set of delegates were then allowed to address the Convention.

Finally, both sets of delegates were admitted into the Convention—allowing the whole body, however, only the number of votes to which New York is entitled in the Electoral College—by a vote, first, of 126 ayes to 125 nays, and afterwards of 133 ayes to 118 nays.

This vote satisfied neither party. The "Hunkers" protested against it, and the "Barnburners" asked leave to retire, which was granted. Neither set accordingly participated in the Convention.

Mr. Ramsey, of Tenn., read a letter from Mr. Polk, declining being considered a candidate for nomination.

The Convention then proceeded to the nomination of candidates to be balloted for.

Wilson McCandless, of Pennsylvania, nominated James Buchanan.

Judge Ellis, of Mississippi, nominated Lewis Cass.

Hannibal Hamlin, of Maine, nominated Levi Woodbury.

The Convention proceeded to ballot for a candidate of the Democratic Party for the Presidency. On the first ballot, Cass had 125 votes, Buchanan 55, Woodbury 53, Calhoun 9, Worth 6, and Dallas 3. No one two-thirds.

On the second ballot, Cass had 133, Woodbury 59, Buchanan 54, Worth 5, and Dallas 3.

On the third ballot Cass had 156, Woodbury 51, Buchanan 41, and Worth 5.

On the fourth ballot Cass had 179, Woodbury 38, Buchanan 33, Butler 3, Worth 1.

FOURTH BALLOT.

	Woodb'y	Cass	Buch'n	Butler	Worth
Maine,	9	—	—	—	—
N. Hampshire,	6	—	—	—	—
Massachusetts,	4	8	—	—	—
Vermont,	—	6	—	—	—
Rhode Island,	—	4	—	—	—
Connecticut,	6	—	—	—	—
N. York, (no vote.)	—	—	—	—	—
New Jersey,	—	7	—	—	—
Pennsylvania,	—	—	26	—	—
Delaware,	—	3	—	—	—
Maryland	2	6	—	—	—
Virginia,	—	17	—	—	—
North Carolina,	—	11	—	—	—
South Carolina,	—	9	—	—	—
Georgia,	—	10	—	—	—
Florida,	3	—	—	—	—
Alabama,	5	—	4	—	—
Mississippi,	—	6	—	—	—
Louisiana,	—	6	—	—	—
Texas,	—	4	—	—	—
Arkansas,	—	3	—	—	—
Tennessee,	2	7	2	2	—
Kentucky,	1	8	1	1	1
Ohio,	—	23	—	—	—
Indiana,	—	12	—	—	—
Illinois,	—	9	—	—	—
Michigan,	—	5	—	—	—
Iowa,	—	4	—	—	—
Missouri,	—	7	—	—	—
Wisconsin,	—	4	—	—	—
	38	179	33	3	1

Whole number of votes cast,	254
Necessary to a choice,	170
Cass received	179

And was declared nominated as the candidate for the Presidency to be supported by the Democratic party.

RECAPITULATION.

	1st	2d	3d	4th
Cass,	125	133	156	179
Buchanan,	55	54	41	33
Woodbury,	53	59	51	38
Calhoun,	9	—	—	—
Dallas,	3	3	—	—
Worth,	6	5	5	1
Butler,	—	—	—	3

After an address from different delegates pledging their States to support the nominee of the Convention, the roll of the States that did not vote for Gen. Cass was called, in order to make the nomination unanimous. The Northern, Middle and Western States endorsed the nomination unanimously. The Delegates from Georgia and Alabama, asked that the Democratic platform might be erected on which Gen. Cass was to run, before they would unqualifiedly endorse the nomination.

Mr. Smith, of the Barnburner delegation, read a paper, entering a protest against the action of the Convention, admitting the Hunker delegation, and neutralizing the vote of the State, and after stating in emphatic language the dissensions between the two, refused on the part of the Barnburner delegation to take sides in the Convention under the decision admitting both delegations.

Mr. Foreman, of Georgia, submitted a resolution that, as the Barnburner delegation had left the Convention, that the Hunker delegation cast the vote of New York, and that the Convention repudiate the Wilmot Proviso. This met with great opposition, and was finally withdrawn.

Mr. Cone, of Georgia, offered a resolution to appoint a committee of one from each State to prepare and report to the Convention such resolutions as they deemed proper for its adoption. The previous question was then called, and the resolution adopted.

During the appointment of the committee, New York was called, but did not answer. The chair stated that the Hunker delegation present did not consider themselves members of the Convention.

Mr. Bylos, of Vermont, moved to proceed to ballot for a candidate for Vice President; which was carried.

Mr. Rantoul, of Massachusetts, nominated Gen. William O. Butler.

Mr. Stanton, of Mississippi, nominated Gen. John Quitman.

Mr. Armstrong, of Maryland, nominated Benj. C. Howard. Withdrawn by himself.

Mr. Meade, of Virginia, nominated J. Y. Mason, of Virginia.

Mr. Winston, of Alabama, nominated Rufus King, of Alabama.

Mr. Strange, of North Carolina, nominated James J. McCoy, of North Carolina.

Mr. Dickinson, of the Hunker delegation, addressed the Convention by leave. He complained of the course pursued towards them. New York could not cast her vote consistent with dignity or propriety. This Convention cannot trample upon her sons and her delegates with impunity. Under other circumstances the vote of New York, thirty-six, would have been for Gen. Cass. Parts of his speech were very inflammatory, and the delegation from the Eastern States threatened to leave the Convention, if his remarks were continued. He concluded by tendering to the Convention, the right hand of fellowship; his only wish being to place New York in her proper position.

The Convention then proceeded to the first ballot, with the following result:

General Butler 114 votes; General Quitman 74 votes; J. Y. Mason 24 votes; Rufus King 26 votes; James J. McCoy 13 votes; Jefferson Davis 1. New York refused to vote.

There being no choice, the Convention proceeded to the second ballot, which resulted in the unanimous nomination of General William O. Butler, of Kentucky, having 253 votes, the whole number cast.

On motion, the Vice Presidents of the Convention were appointed a Committee to inform the nominees of their nomination.

Mr. Wells, of New Hampshire, offered a resolution that no State shall in future send a greater number of delegates to National Democratic Conventions than the votes such State is entitled to in the Electoral College.

A warm discussion ensued, when an amendment was offered making it read, "Resolved, that this Convention recommend that no State send more delegates to future National Conventions than it has electoral votes." The subject was finally laid upon the table, after an eloquent speech from Mr. Houston.

Mr. Hallet, of Massachusetts, from the committee appointed to draft resolutions, submitted a series, embodying the following principles:—

The Democracy places its trust in the intelligence, patriotism, and dispassionate justice of the American masses composing that Democracy. That the Convention renew and assert the general principles avowed by them on former occasions, when assembled for nominating candidates for the offices of President and Vice President. That the Government has no power to carry out general internal improvements. They, the Democracy, are opposed to the assumption of the public debts of the States; that Congress has no power to control the internal affairs, nor interfere with the domestic institutions of the States. That the efforts of the Abolitionists are endangering the public safety. The resolutions also approve of the Sub-Treasury and the Tariff of 1846; are against the division of the public lands; in favor of the veto power; declare that the war was commenced by Mexico, and that its prosecution by the United States was just and necessary; return thanks to the Army for the glorious victories achieved by them; declare that President Polk has fulfilled his duty, and has the confidence of the Democratic party. The congratulations of the Convention are tendered to the National Convention of France on the establishment of a Republic in that country.

Mr. Yancey, of Alabama, from the minority of the Committee, after stating the position and views of the South, submitted the following:

Resolved, That the doctrine of non-interference with the rights and property of any portion of the people of this Republic, in the States or Territories, by any other than the parties interested, is the true Republican doctrine.

The minority report accompanying this resolution was received by the Convention. It was signed by the delegates from Alabama, South Carolina and Florida.

Mr. Yancey strongly supported the resolution. He said the Barnburners had already made another nomination. (Cries of "Who is it?") Mr. Yancey replied that he did not know his name, but he was sure that while the North was thus divided, unless his resolution was adopted, Alabama, Florida, North Carolina, and perhaps Georgia could not be certainly calculated upon in support of the nominees. He proceeded to read the list of States whose delegates had voted against the resolution in committee, but was called to order.

After the conclusion of his remarks, Mr. Rusk, of Texas, called for the previous question, which was sustained, and the minority resolution was lost by the following vote:—Maine, nays 9; New Hampshire, nays 6; Massachusetts, nays 12; Vermont, nays 6; Rhode Island, nays 4; Connecticut, nays 6; New York, —; New Jersey, nays 7; Pennsylvania, nays 26; Delaware, nays 3; Maryland, ayes 1, nays 6; Virginia, nays 17; North Carolina, nays 11; South Carolina, ayes 9; Georgia, ayes 9; Florida, ayes 3; Alabama, ayes 9; Mississippi, nays 6; Louisiana, ayes 6; Texas, nays 4; Arkansas, ayes 3; Tennessee, ayes 1, nays 12; Kentucky, ayes 1, nays 11; Ohio, nays 23; Indiana, nays 12; Illinois, nays 9; Michigan, nays 5; Missouri, ayes 7; Wisconsin, nays 4; Iowa, nays 4. Total, ayes 36, nays 216.

Before the vote was announced, Mr. Foreman, of Georgia, obtained the floor, and speaking in relation to the Barnburner Delegation, remarked that the Wilmot Proviso, which was the corner stone of their organization, would be destructive to the interests of the South. He was here called to order, and a scene of considerable confusion ensued.

Mr. Moore, of Alabama, opposed the assertions of Mr. Yancey, that the vote of Alabama was not sure for the nominees of the Convention. He said that the resolutions of the Committee, if not in accordance with Alabama, were not opposed to her, and were broad enough for both the North and the South to stand upon. He characterized the Barnburners as incendiaries, capable of firing the temple of liberty. Cries of order, and another scene of confusion ensued, which was quieted by the announcement of the vote.

Mr. Commander, of South Carolina, said the adoption of Mr. Yancey's resolution would have carried his State for Mr. Cass, which was now doubtful, if not impossible.

The question on the resolutions offered by the majority of the Committee was then taken, and they were unanimously adopted.

Mr. Foster, of New York, asked that the protest of the Hunker Delegation should be recorded upon the minutes of the Convention. Agreed to.

After a brief valedictory from the President, the Convention adjourned *sine die*.

POLITICAL ITEMS.

The Harrisburg Telegraph says that fourteen Scott delegates to the Whig National Convention have been elected in Pennsylvania.

The Galveston News publishes the proceedings of the first Whig meeting (we notice they go for Taylor) ever held in Texas.

Gen. Cass was born on the 9th of October, 1782; and has consequently arrived at the 67th year of his age.

Judge McLean has written a letter, in which he says he would consider it an imputation against his honor to suffer his name to go before the National Convention at Philadelphia, as a Whig, without restriction, if he did not coincide cordially and fully with the professed principles of the Whig party.

The Constitutional Amendments in Maine, proposed by the last Legislature, and voted upon by the people at the election in September last, have, after all, not all succeeded. That proposing to elect the Governor by a plurality, failed by a majority against it of sixty-five. That electing the Senators by a plurality, failed by one of eighty-four. That electing Representatives to the State Legislature by pluralities, was carried in the affirmative, by a majority of 647. It is not stated whether the election of county officers by a plurality was adopted or rejected.

Mr. J. W. Johnson, of Alexandria, Mo., has published a letter in the St. Louis Republican, pronouncing the statement of Senator Borland and others, that Cassius M. Clay begged his life in Mexico on the score of his being a near relative of Henry Clay, etc., while a prisoner, "palpably false."

Three of the Whig electors of Virginia, Messrs. Wm. C. Rives, of Albemarle, Whitfield, of Isle of Wight, and Bouldin, of Richmond, have declined to act. Ill-health the cause assigned. The Chairman of the Whig Central State Committee, announces that the Committee deem it "expedient not to fill the vacancies until after the nomination by the Whig Convention on the 7th of June."

The Virginia Legislature will stand as follows, Senate 9 Whigs, 23 Democrats; Delegates, 61 Whigs, 74 Democrats, 2 Taylor Democrats.

The House of Representatives of Maine, have elected Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, U. S. Senator, by a vote of 92 to 45. Mr. Hamlin is said to be in favor of the Wilmot Proviso.

The Whigs of Maine have sent two Taylor delegates to the National Convention.

THE BARNBURNERS.

The Utica branch of the New York Democracy, commonly termed "Barnburners," have resolved to call a Convention of their party, to be held on the 22nd of June, for the purpose—as one of their organs, the Evening Post (Bryant's paper) says—"of nominating a candidate for the Presidency, in the absence of any nomination by the Baltimore Convention." The ground taken by the "Barnburner" papers is, that the nomination at Baltimore was spurious, on account of the refusal of the Convention to recognize their delegates as the only true representatives of the New York Democracy.

The House of Representatives.—The election of two Democrats to the House from Wisconsin, makes the whole number of Democrats 111; the number of Whigs 116. There are three vacancies, viz: one in South Carolina, occasioned by the death of Mr. Black, Democrat—one in Seneca and Wayne district, New York, occasioned by the death of Mr. Holley, Whig—the other in the city of New York, occasioned by the resolution of the House declaring Mr. Jackson's (Democrat) seat vacant. The result of a new trial in the last district, and also in the Seneca district, is very uncertain. The South Carolina vacancy will of course be filled by a Democrat. If one of the New York vacancies should be filled with a Whig, and the other with a Democrat, the full House would stand 117 Whigs to 113 Democrats. Total 230.

Mr. Clay and the Presidency.—The National Intelligencer publishes the following extract from a letter written by Mr. Clay, dated the 18th ult.:

"Like yourself, I am unable to anticipate the results of the two great Conventions now nigh at hand; and from all I hear, it is equally difficult at Washington to form a correct opinion. I learn that great heat and excitement exist among members of Congress.

"I performed a reluctant duty in acquiescing in the submission of my name to the consideration of the Philadelphia Convention. Whatever the issue may be, I have thereby secured myself against all responsibility and all just reproaches, and I shall be content."

The Right Plan.—We are pleased to learn that Gen. Taylor has taken our advice in relation to answering the innumerable letters sent to him. He has had two thousand copies of a letter struck off, and now whenever he receives an epistle, without putting himself to the trouble of reading it through, he quietly sits down, folds up one of the printed copies, and transmits it to his inquiring friend and correspondent.

From Washington.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.

On the 25th, Mr. Niles moved to take up the resolution previously offered by him, directing the Secretary of the Treasury to report whether the interest on the public debt had been in any instance paid in other funds than specie. After a brief debate between the mover and Mr. Davis, of Mississippi, the resolution was adopted.

After the transaction of some unimportant business, the Senate adjourned over till Monday.

On the 29th, the Vice President laid before the Senate a communication from Gen. Cass, resigning his seat as Senator from Michigan.

Mr. Felch submitted a resolution that the Vice President be requested to notify the Governor of the State of Michigan, of the vacancy occurring in consequence. Adopted.

A number of petitions and memorials were received and appropriately referred.

A message, in writing, was received from the President, transmitting the memorial of the Government and Legislature of Oregon, asking for aid against the hostile Indians, and recommending that measures be taken to afford the assistance asked for. Referred to the Committee on Military Affairs, and ordered to be printed.

Mr. Butler, from the Committee on the Judiciary, reported a bill to punish future violations of the injunction of secrecy, in relation to the proceedings of Congress.

Mr. Webster offered a resolution, calling upon the Secretary of the Treasury for information in regard to the delay in erecting light-houses on Long Island, which was agreed to.

On Mr. Badger's motion, Mr. Benton was appointed Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, in the place of Mr. Cass.

On motion of Mr. Atherton, the Indian Appropriation Bill was taken up, and after being amended was laid aside informally.

On motion of Mr. Niles, the bill to amend the Act providing for the transportation of the mails to and from foreign countries, was taken up, and a debate sprang up in relation to it, in which Messrs. Niles, Dix, Davis, of Massachusetts, and Hale, participated. The bill, after being amended so as to authorise the Postmaster General to impose retaliatory rates of postage upon British letters, was read a third time and passed.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 25th, Mr. Wick introduced a bill prohibiting the importation of slaves into the District of Columbia, which was read twice.

Several members moved for a call of the House. The motion was agreed to, and the roll was called over by the clerk, when 120 members answered to their names.

The House then, on motion of Mr. Burt, adjourned.

On the 26th, Mr. Wentworth made an unsuccessful effort to take up Mr. Wick's bill, introduced the day previous.

Mr. Rockwell called for the regular order of business, whereupon the House resolved itself into Committee of the Whole, and took up the private calendar, Mr. McClelland in the chair. A number of bills were considered, after which the Committee rose, and the House adjourned.

On the 29th, Mr. Tuck moved to suspend the rules, in order that he might offer a resolution favoring the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. The vote on his motion was taken by yeas and nays, and decided in the negative—yeas 33, nays 89.

The Speaker announced the first business in order to be the call upon the States for resolutions.

Mr. Smith, of Indiana, moved to suspend the rules, in order to allow him to offer a resolution, fixing a day for the consideration of the Oregon Bill.

A message in writing was received from the President, respecting the Indian depredations in Oregon, and recommending that prompt assistance be afforded.

Mr. Cobb, of Georgia, spoke in favor of immediate action, and moved to amend the resolution of Mr. Smith, so as to take up the Oregon Bill for discussion. He was followed by Messrs. Vinton, Haralson, Brown, of Mississippi, Collamer, Smith, of Indiana, and others.

Mr. Vinton said that the Appropriation Bills should first be passed, they had been too long delayed, and the money designed to be appropriated by them was wanted. The question of slavery would be discussed during the consideration of the Oregon Bill, and thus lead to great delay of other measures.

Mr. Boyden asked why the President had not sent an armed force to Oregon, without consulting Congress, as he had previously sent a force into Texas.

Mr. Smith's resolution, making the Oregon Bill the order of the day next after the Appropriation Bills, was adopted.

The Message was referred to the Military Committee.

Mr. Ashman moved to suspend the rules, in order that he might offer a resolution for the adjournment of Congress on the 17th of July, which was negatived by a vote of yeas 113, nays 69; (the required two-thirds not voting in the affirmative.)

On motion of Mr. Vinton, the House resolved itself into Committee of the Whole, Mr. King, of Massachusetts, in the chair, and took up the Post-office Bill. After some time spent in its consideration, the Committee rose and reported the bill, with amendments, to the House. Adjourned.

Clippings.

☞ Six of the passengers who arrived at Boston in the British brig Albion, have been ordered back, as they have no securities against being chargeable to the State.

☞ The Trenton State Gazette states that the Hessian fly has appeared among the wheat in that vicinity.

☞ The King of Siam said to the Emperor who told him that the rivers in his country were sometimes made so hard by cold that the largest elephants could walk upon them: "Hitherto I have believed you, because I thought you a man of truth; but now I know you lie!"

☞ Lady Ada Wyatville, a curious personage with three husbands—a celebrated sculptor, a hair-dresser and a civil engineer—was tried at Gloucester Assizes, and though her three husbands were in attendance, was acquitted by the jury, owing to the pathetic appeal of Mr. Cooke, her counsel.

☞ "That is the hardest *lick* yet," as Louis Philippe said, when the people proclaimed France a Repub-*lic(k)*.

☞ The Charleston Courier speaks of the appearance of a counterfeit $100 note of the South Western Railroad Bank.

☞ "Nathan," said Mr. Sikes to his youngest clerk, "have you charged old Ling with that quart of rum?" "Yes, sir." About an hour afterwards, somewhat forgetting, he asked, "Jerry, did you charge old Ling with that quart of rum?" "Yes, sir," was the response. "Confound the boys," muttered he, "there's no trusting on 'em—no depending on 'em—to make it sure, I'll go and charge it myself, and then I shall know it's all right."

☞ In relation to the wonderful discovery of Professor Bronson, of Boston, by which the eyesight can be perfectly restored without surgery, pain or injury, the Boston Traveller publishes a couple of certificates from persons who have had their sight completely restored by this method. They give no clue as to the way in which it was done.

☞ The fleet on the Lakes will this year amount to eight hundred vessels, with an aggregate of 200,000 tons.

☞ Queen Victoria was 29 years old on the 24th of May, and has given six heirs to the throne.

☞ The profits realized by one of the North River steamboats last season is said to have been $60,000.

☞ The Rev. Mr. Pierpont's claims against the Hollis street congregation, Boston, are likely to be sustained. A favorable decision has been made by the Supreme Judicial Court.

☞ It is said that some of the pork dealers in Cincinnati have smoked their hogs, whole.

☞ There is no surer mode of killing rose-bugs than putting them into a pail of hot water. Take them all between the finger and the thumb and douse them under the surface, and you fix them forever.

☞ The Pekin "Visitor" says: "Coming home a few mornings since, we met a man attempting to walk both sides of the street. By a skilful manœuvre we passed between him."

☞ Milwaukie, Wisconsin, has a population of 14,000, beating Cleveland, Ohio, and Chicago, Illinois.

☞ Corpulent persons, desiring to regain their shape, should apply to some newspaper establishment for the office of collector.

☞ A great meeting in favor of Ireland, was held in Cincinnati, on the 17th, by moonlight. Mr. Mooney was the principal speaker.

☞ A pleasure party is forming in St. Louis to visit the Rocky Mountains. The party intend starting about the 1st of June.

☞ "When I am a man," is the poetry of childhood; "when I was young," is the poetry of old age.—*James Montgomery.*

☞ The King's Evil is not known in this country, and is becoming rare even in Europe.

☞ Ridicule is a weak weapon, when levelled at a strong mind. But common men are cowards, and dread an empty laugh.

☞ What steamboat on the Ohio is always asking for business? The Euphrates (you freight us.)

☞ If you are courting a young lady, and wish, before you take her, to ascertain her temper, tear her ball dress, as if by accident. If she keeps her equanimity, lose not a moment in popping the "momentous question." She will do and you may account yourself a "happy man."

☞ It is said of M. Guizot, the deposed minister of the dethroned French King, that, a year or two since, he gravely asserted that it was necessary for the great powers of Europe to hold the "balance of power" on the American Continent. The poor man in looking too far from home lost his own balance.

☞ The newest luxury in New Orleans on the 12th ult., was watermelons, brought from the Valley of Jalapa, in Mexico.

☞ Tacitus speaks of "the early ages when man lived in innocence and simplicity."—Whereupon, a surly and cynical critic exclaims—"When was that? The first woman went astray. The first born killed the second. When did this time of simplicity begin?"

☞ "Do you like novels?" said Miss Fitzgerald to her lover. "I can't say," he replied; "I never eat any—but I tell you I'm some on 'possum."

☞ Why should Louis Philippe not resume the teaching of languages? Because he is not master of the French.

☞ Silence is one great art of conversation.

☞ Some one has defined augury to be boring into the future for facts.

☞ A proverb, of which the rhyme is somewhat more obvious than the reason, says:—"Calm weather in June, sets corn in tune." Corn has ears, certainly; but we can hardly believe them to be musical.

☞ The Prince de Joinville, in his famous pamphlet, published in March, 1844, recommends Newhaven, in Sussex, as affording the best landing for an army invading England. By a singular coincidence his father and mother landed at Newhaven, in March, 1848, though not exactly as invaders.

☞ Thirty-one thousand English women died of consumption and tight-lacing in 1839, owing to a peculiarity in the costume prevalent in that year, which prevented the free expansion of the chest.

☞ A lady was lately delivered of twins, a boy and a girl; but the girl having been born first, it was decided to christen her Telegraph, because she was in advance of the *male.*

☞ The Literary Gazette, in lamenting a misprint in one of its recent numbers says, "In the notice of her majesty's theatre, 'magnificent' was printed for 'insignificant,' which altered the entire sense of the passage." We should rather think it did.

☞ Why is an old coat like an iron pot? Because it is a specimen of hard ware.

STATE OF THE MARKETS.

Great fears was felt that the late gales and chill weather would destroy the crop of mushrooms in this vicinity. The corporation of the city set forth in a one-horse wagon to visit Chelsea, and the regions round about Medford, the Neck, and East Boston, to inquire into the condition of this vegetable. Several toad-stools were gathered by these gentlemen, but were thrown away on discovering their true nature. They report that the crop of mushrooms promises well. The price of other articles has been furnished by our agent:

Beans—Dealers find a profit in putting them into cold water before they sell them.

Lobsters—The claws of this animal are a suck in. This is a modest animal that blushes whenever it gets into hot water.

Onions—These articles should never be given to the poor as they only make them cry.

Smoke—This article is to be added to the *materia medica.* As it cures hams, it is thought that it will cure people.

Pantaloons—In great demand since the Woman's Rights' Society have come in vogue, as a pair is needed for the wife as well as the husband.

Ducks—A plenty of these are afloat.

Horse Market—Several horses that had lost a leg went off for a good price, as the auctioneer convinced buyers, by analogy, that a horse could stand better on three legs than on two, on the principle of a three-legged stool which stands steadily of necessity.—*Uncle Sam.*

OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

Receipts for the Saturday Evening Post from the 15th to the 25th May.

May 15, received from

J Saunders	$2 00	Mrs S C Cottin	2 00
J Edwards	1 50	P. Overmire	2 00
R. Gilchrist	2 00	F H Palmer	1 00
J. L. Diven	4 00	G A Bridge	2 00
J Eves	2 00	J Jones	1 00
J. Byerly	1 12	J. Harlan	1 00
J. Rivers	5 00	S. C. Westall & Co.	20 00
W. Rockwell	2 00	S. T. Dare & Co	15 00
M. Paxson	5 00	L. H. Scott & Co	18 00
J. P. Thomas	2 00	Mrs A. M. Dicks	2 00
A. B. Pann	4 00	Miss L. A. Ewell	2 00
J. Brown	5 00	T H Grayson & Co	10 00
W. H. Muir	2 00	Mrs T. S. Gill	2 00
U. R. Maull	2 00	H. J. Beckel & Co.	10 00
M. T. Wheeler	3 00	C. P. Hays & Co	15 00
C. H. Daveson	5 00	Miss E. C. Boyle	2 00
D. Barter	4 00	Dr H. C. Tree	2 00
R. Rorke	20 00	D & H Kane	4 00
Col. J. F. Lawrence	2 00	Mrs M. A. Adley	2 00
May 16.			
Capt. J. Coombs	2 00	S. B. Wells	2 00
J. H. Salkeld	2 00	D. A. Warden	3 00
H. H. Kerr	10 00	J. Seabrook	2 00
T. Packingham	1 25	D. Anderson	2 00
J. Emiger	6 25	Mrs C. A. Harper	2 00
S. Williams	2 00	Miss A. E. Clark	2 00
Dr. H. E. Rounsavill	1 12	T. H. Warren & Co	20 00
W. Holleman	2 50	P. L. Russell & Co.	10 00
Col. Palmer	2 00	W. P. Parsons & Co	15 00
A. Seward	2 00	T & J. Hale	4 00
H. Conard	1 00	Mrs. E. A. Heister	2 00
W. P. Hanna	5 00	Dr. L. B. Pegley	3 00
May 17.			
S. M. Kreider	2 00	A. Walker	1 25
E. Williams	1 25	R. Darlington	2 00
W. Posey	2 00	Miss S. T. Harmer	2 00
W. B. Ely	2 00	T. C. Parvin & Co.	20 00
I. Harrison	2 00	L. D. Benkey & Co.	10 00
J. W. Harper	2 00	Mrs. D. W. Dowell	2 00
C. Keichner	5 00	T. D. McQuigley	2 00
J. D. Kiddle	1 00	S. & H. McMinn	5 00
W. V. Mulligan	2 00	L. & N. Sweetzer	10 00
F. M. Middlecoff	2 00	W. R. North & Co.	15 00
A. M. Merrill	3 00	Dr. A. R. Case	2 00
A. Fuller	1 00	Mrs. J. Tarver	2 00
A. White	2 00		
May 18.			
A. Thomas	1 00	Dr. H. Nes	2 00
W. Garrett	6 00	Rev. J. Ashbrook	2 00
C. Marsh	2 00	Sergt. Shorb	9 00
L. L. Vose	2 00	F. Bull	2 00
J. L. Camplin	5 00	Rev. W. Hill	2 00
W. F. Pitcher	10 00	Eli Adams	1 00
Miss D. Dailey	2 00	Miss A. M. Cole	2 00
W. J. Stewart	2 00	Mrs. J. C. Taylor	2 00
H. B. Hubbard	5 00	R. & H. Kelly	20 00
T. S. Williams	5 00	C. P. Randolph & Co.	15 00
J. Baker	24 00	H. & L. McGill	10 00
C. T. Merry	5 00	C. & C. Justice	5 00
J. M. Riffel	5 00	Mrs. A. M. Dodge	2 00
H. S. Wells	2 00		
May 19.			
J. B. Todd	2 00	Mrs. T. P. Crane	2 00
J. G. Hencock	7 50	Miss L. A. Anson	2 00
C. F. Stone	5 00	W. B. Zeigler & Co.	15 00
T. Graham	2 00	A. B. Stout, Jr.	2 00
Mrs. P. Lehman	2 00	C. H. Hessell	2 00
J. Worthington	1 00	M. D. McLowth	2 00
W. Newell	4 00	H. G. Trader	12 00
J. Kirk	4 00	A. Rose	2 00
J. Heston	6 00	J. Corey	2 00
R. W. Robbins	2 00	W. S. Larrabee	10 00
Margt. Stevenson	2 00	A. Noble	2 00
S. E. Leonard	2 00	Miss A. Bell	1 25
J. Warner & Co.	5 00	T. C. Smith	2 00
A. Garrett	2 00	Miss Old	2 00
C. Keen	2 00	E. A. Stilling	2 00
Julia Davis	2 00	J. C. Corneil	5 00
J. J. Richards	2 00	J. Liebee	1 50
J. Warren	4 00	A. N. Tarrall & Co.	10 00
S. H. Dailey & Co.	20 00		
May 20.			
W. Shirly	8 75	A. B. Bott	21 00
J. Constable	1 00	C. Lawrence	20 00
J. Gunweedy	2 00	W. C. Maupin	2 00
B. S. Bailey & Co.	8 50	J. L. Sprogle	6 00
D. Scott	1 00	C. Reeves	4 00
J. Williamson	1 50	J. Hartley	1 00
G. W. Aikin	3 00	R. H. Hindman	1 00
M. C. Pfoutz	2 00	Miss W. N. Smith	2 00
A. Moore	1 00	S. C. Hartley & Co.	10 00
Eliza Perry	2 00	D. D. Beaford & Co.	15 00
Mrs. C. A. Gillespie	2 50	C. & H. Lovett	4 00
Dr. P. H. Hamilton	2 50		
May 22.			
J. Noble	4 00	D. Sights	2 00
J. Weightman	6 00	L. French	1 25
A. L. Troy	10 00	F. Kiernan	3 00
N. Maltby	5 00	S. Harris	2 00
D. Birdsall	1 25	D. & C. Neall	20 00
O. Moody	2 00	Mrs. E. A. Deal	2 00
A. Garrett	1 00	T. D. Harker & Co.	15 00
O. P. Stewart & Co	5 00	H. W. Mercer & Co	10 00
A. Stout	1 00	Miss E. A. Creesman	2 00
J. W. Mitchell	5 00	W. B. Willis, Jr.	2 00
J. H. Hassenplug	3 00	Miss A. E. Layton	3 00
A. Brentom	5 00	Dr. P. S. Kyle	2 00
H. Goddard	1 00		
May 23.			
J. H. Gardner	2 00	G. W. Bowman	6 00
D. Howard	1 00	Mrs. D. W. Gardner	2 00
T. E. Williams	1 00	Miss E. R. Wilson	2 00
Mrs. E. Lawson	2 00	T. K. Knight & Co.	20 00
Kinney & Little	1 00	W. R. McShain & Co.	10 00
M. G. Page	6 00	A. D. & D. Barclay	5 00
T. W. Prentiss	5 00	N. W. Sorenley, Jr.	2 00
J. M. Alsop	10 00	Dr. P. H. Everard	2 50
D. Rose	5 00	Mrs. H. A. Short	3 00
G. Robinson	5 00	T. B. Chatley & Co.	15 00
F. M. Salt	4 00		
May 24.			
T. Tomlinson	2 00	A. H. Hutchinson	10 00
I. E. James	125 00	M. Leouy & Co.	2 00
B. Deacon & Co	12 00	T. D. Purcell & Co.	20 00
Geo. R. Halsey	2 00	H. L. Garner & Co.	15 00
W. Halsey	3 00	Miss E. S. Lyons	2 50
I. Crocker	2 00	Mrs. T. C. Alva	2 00
J. L. Sloan	8 00	G. W. Wallis & Co.	10 00
N. Hubbard	5 00	A. T. Jordan & Co.	14 00
Mrs. A. Spangler	10 00	Mrs. L. D. Myers	2 00
P. L. Fox	1 00	Miss A. E. Reeves	3 00
J. Bowman & Co.	5 00	W. & S. Carter	3 00
W. P. Conklin	1 00		
May 25.			
A. M. Elder	7 00	Mrs. E. W. Ray	3 00
J. Pennabecker	2 00	Miss C. T. Ross	2 00
J. C. Smyth	2 00	W. B. Harris & Co.	15 00
O. P. Wedge	2 00	N. & O. McMullin	10 00
J. L. Durow	10 00	D. T. Benson, Jr.	2 00
N. Reeves	2 00	Miss H. A. Lewis	2 00
J. H. Cardwell	3 00	B. B. Dunn & Co.	10 00
P. Hilgust	5 00	L. K. Green & Co.	10 00
J. Hoch	5 00	Mrs. W. S. Hind	2 00
J. L. Griffith	10 00	W. L. Eaton & Co.	10 00
M. C. Karns & Co.	10 00	S. & M. Burgess	5 00

ABSURDITY OF THE LAW.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NO. II.

In my first number I explained how a witness became incompetent by having an interest in the matters in dispute, and the absurdity of the rules on that subject. I will now consider the witness as to his moral character.

It is a settled maxim that a witness who has no religious principles, or, in other words, is an infidel, cannot be examined—he is incompetent. But what is infidelity is another question. Lord Coke ranks Jews and heathens under this head, and Hawkins classes among infidels, all who do not believe in the New Testament. Modern opinions have, however, banished these contracted notions, and the law which should be as stable and immovable as our Alleghanies, unless changed by the Legislature, assumes any shape a judge pleases to give it. Now, if the witness believes in a God who rewards virtue and punishes vice, even in this world, he may be examined.

The question is not whether the witness will tell the truth or not, but whether he has or has not avowed that he possesses this or that opinion; for if he has been prudent or hypocritical enough to conceal his real sentiments, he is competent; but if, on being questioned, he frankly admits what he knows will disqualify him, he is by this act deprived of the right of being examined as a witness, unless, indeed, in his own case, where his oath is required to purge himself of a contempt; as, if he should be charged with having disobeyed the orders of a court, he may come, and swear, notwithstanding his want of religious principles, that he meant no contempt, and he will be believed. Honesty in this, as in the case of interest, is punished by exclusion, and dishonesty or hypocrisy is rewarded by admission and belief or confidence.

But let us take another case, that of a man who has been convicted of an infamous crime. Such a person is not admitted in law as a witness because no confidence can be placed in his testimony. He is so corrupt that he cannot be believed. His mind is so depraved, in the eye of the law, that he cannot tell the truth; there is nothing but darkness there, and no light can possibly be elicited from it. To be consistent the law ought never to allow him in any case to testify, but in some cases it allows him to inform the consciences of the judges, and, what is a little singular, it requires them to believe him. An example of this may be given when he purges himself of a contempt.

But mark the wisdom of the law, or of the judges who made it. That moral leprosy can be cured with the greatest ease; this moral darkness becomes a flood of light by the magic power of a pardon, granted from a good or bad motive. Let the Governor of the State grant a pardon to the convict, and immediately that mendacious disposition which the law attributed to the proposed witness is changed, a miracle is performed, and the former wretch, who could not before utter a word of truth, becomes now the very oracle of verity. He is a competent witness, and unless contradicted, must be believed by the court and jury. Who will deny the potency, the wisdom, the consistency and deep philosophy of the law (!)

BUBULCUS.

☞ In the Municipal Court of Boston, on Monday week, a witness speaking of a party, said—"I understood that he was different from the common breed of money-changers, *and so I had confidence in him, and borrowed money of him.*"

☞ Prince Lucien Murat, a nephew of Napoleon, who sailed from this country upon the first report of the French Revolution, has been elected to the National Assembly.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, No. 1 Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our general travelling agent for the Western States, assisted by *James K. Smith, J. T. Dent, T. Gardner Smith, Frederick J. Hawse, John W. Armstrong, Jason Taylor, E. M. Stevenson, and W. Ramsey.*

Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES, 182 South Tenth street, Philadelphia, is our general travelling agent for the Southern and South-Western States, assisted by *Jas. K. Whipple, William H. Weld, O. H. P. Stem, John B. Weld, T. S. Waterman, John Collins, James Deering, Isaac D. Guyer, R. S. James and Robt. Barton.*

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS of Montgomery, Alabama, is our general travelling agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.

JAS. PIERCE, do. in New Jersey.

CHAS. S. ROWLEY will receive subscribers and subscriptions for this paper in the State of Ohio.

MORTIMER T. WEBB, do. do. do. for New York State.

JUSTUS WHITE, New York and Canadas.

J. L. SPROGLE, in Ohio, &c.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depot of
HOTCHKISS & CO., Boston, Mass.
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Subscriptions will be received at either of the above mentioned Depots.

THE STOCK MARKET.

The following were the closing prices of stocks on Monday last:

	Bid	Askd		Bid	Askd
U S 6s '67	104½	104¾	Commercial	49½	50
" '62	104	—	N Liberties	45	49
" '56	103½	103¾	Mechanics'	24½	24¾
" 5s '53	94	95	Kensington	55½	56
" 5s '51	91	93	P Township	36	38½
U S Tr N 6s	102½	103¼	Girard	9¾	10
Philada 6s	99½	100¼	Western	48	50
" 5s	90	—	Man & Mechs	23	24
County 5s	82½	—	Bk of Com	45	—
Penna 6s	85	86	Germantown	42	—
" 5s	74½	74¾	Miners' Bank	—	44
Kentucky 6s	99	99½	M & M, Pitts	47½	48
Tennessee 5s	75	—	Com, Cincin	35	—
Cincinnati 6s	87	—	Louisville, Ky	30	—
Pittsburg 6s	85½	89	Kentucky Bk	78	—
Texas Notes	9	11½	Northern	100	101
Texas Isle 8s	10½	—	Union, Tenn	37	38
" Isle 10s	—	12	Vicksburg	—	10
Schuyl N 6s '65	44	—	Com, Natchez	5	12
" '68	43½	44	N O Canal	50	—
Lehigh N 6s	60	—	N O Gas Bk	120	—
" Int loan	51	—	Schuyl Nav	—	18
" Mort	80	80½	Lehigh Nav	26	27
" Cl Scrip	78½	78¾	C & Del Cl	60	65
C & Del Cl 6s	63	84	Morris Cl	9½	9¾
C & Am R 6s	95	—	Union Cl	9½	10
Susqueh Cl 6s	—	52	Cam & Am R	—	146
Harrisburg R 6s	80½	84	Phil & Trent R	130	138
Wil R 6s	81½	82	Susqueh Cl	10	11½
Read R 6s '50	57½	58	Norristown R	11	12
" Mort	62½	63	Harrisburg R	—	33½
U S Bk Notes	89	90	Wilmington R	23	25
U S Bk Shares	3	3¼	Reading R	18	18½
N Amer Bk	114	117	Flem Copper	4	6½
Penna Bk	269	273	N J Copper	1	1½
Philadelphia	114½	—	Neshamic Cop	½	¾
Far & Mec	50	51	*Ledger.*		

DR. JACKSON'S PILE AND TETTER EMBROCATION has gained a reputation never before equalled by any medicine—it is WARRANTED to cure!!

☞ SCARPA'S ACOUSTIC OIL will cure *Deafness, Pain, the Discharge of Matter from the Ears, &c.*

These medicines have cured more persons than all others combined. For sale by Dr. D. JAYNE, No. 8 South Third street, Philadelphia. Also, by Carter, Wilson & Co., Boston; Alex. Jayne's, Pittsburg, and J. W. Sheppard, Cincinnati. nov 27-eow4f

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY R. JOHNSTON, BROKER.
No. 24 South Third Street.
Philadelphia, June 3, 1848.

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Philadelphia banks	par
U. S. bank notes	14 dis
Girard do	par
Chambersburg	1 dis
York	1 dis
Berks county	no sale
Gettysburg	1 dis
Carlisle	1 dis
Lewistown	no sale
Brownsville	2 dis
Pittsburg	1 dis
Waynesburg	2 dis
Washington	2 dis
Erie	40 dis
Susquehanna county	2½ dis
Lebanon	par
Lehigh county bank	—
Towanda	no sale
Honesdale	1 dis
Harrisburg	½ dis
West Branch	1½ dis
Wyoming	1½ dis
Middletown	½ dis
Northampton	no sale
Schuylkill Haven	par
Pottsville	par
Relief notes	2 dis
NEW JERSEY.	
Trenton, M't Holly, Bridgeton, Salem, Camden, Medford	par
Plainfield	—
Newark, Newtown, Patterson, Morristown, New Brunswick, Middletown Point, Or'nge, Belvidere, Elizabethtown, Doy't, Rawway, P'rth Amboy	½ dis
N. Hope, Del Bridge	55 dis
Yard Del Bridge co.	10 dis
DELAWARE.	
All solvent banks	par
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore banks	½ dis
Mineral bank	½ dis
Salisbury	no sale
Frederick county	1 dis
Cumberland	1 dis
Washington county	1 dis
Hagerstown	1 dis
Havre-de-Grace	1 dis
Far and Millers bk	no sale
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.	
All solvent banks	1 dis
NEW YORK.	
City banks	½ dis
Tonawanda	40 dis
Oswego	30 dis
Millers', Clyde	15 dis
James bank	35 dis
Atlas bank	35 dis
State bk—Saugerties	1
Northern Ex. bk	1 dis
Country banks	1 dis
MAINE.	
All solvent banks	½ dis

NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
VERMONT.	
Bank of St. Albans	2 dis
All solvent banks	½ dis
CONNECTICUT.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
RHODE ISLAND.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
CANADA.	
Montreal	5 dis
VIRGINIA.	
Bk of Va & branch's	2 dis
Far Bk & branch's	do dis
Valley Bk & branch	do do
Ex. Bk & branches	do dis
Wheeling	do dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks	2½ dis
Small notes	1 dis
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
So. West. R. R.	1½ dis
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
GEORGIA.	
Bank of St. Mary's	2 dis
Central Bk of [illegible]	2 dis
Georgia R. R. Co.	2 dis
Ruckersville Bkg. Co.	—
All solvent banks	2 dis
Small notes	2½ dis
ALABAMA.	
Bank of Mobile	2½ dis
Country banks	5 dis
MISSISSIPPI.	
All banks	unc
LOUISIANA.	
All solvent banks	2 dis
FLORIDA.	
So. Life & Trust Co	—
OHIO.	
Bank of Wooster	failed
Com. Bk. of Scioto	15 dis
All solvent banks	3 dis
Small notes	3 dis
KENTUCKY.	
All solvent banks	2½ dis
Small notes	2½ dis
INDIANA.	
State bank	3 dis
Small notes	3 dis
ILLINOIS.	
Bank of Illinois	80 dis
State bank	70 dis
Bank of Cairo	—
MISSOURI.	
All solvent banks	3 dis
TENNESSEE.	
All solvent banks	5 dis
MICHIGAN.	
Bank of St. Clair	no sale
Farmers' & Mech's	5 dis
ARKANSAS.	
All banks	no sale
WISCONSIN.	
Mineral Point	—
Bank of Milwaukie	—
IOWA.	
Miners' bank	—

CHARLES CAMBLOS'
STOCK AND EXCHANGE OFFICE,
No. 22 SOUTH THIRD STREET,
Opposite Congress Hall, Philadelphia.
BANK NOTES BOUGHT AND SOLD.
Drafts on New York, Boston, Baltimore, Charleston, &c. mar 11-1y
Collections made throughout the United States, on the most reasonable terms. ☞ Stocks Bought and Sold on Commission at the Board of Brokers.

A single statement like the following, ought to be a sufficient inducement to any one suffering with disease of lungs to make a trial of Wistar's Balsam, and test its virtues in their own case:

Florence, Oneida co., N. Y., May, 1846.

Mr. S. W. Fowle,—Dear Sir: I take pleasure in stating to you my experience in the use of WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.

Sometime in February, 1845, I was attacked with a difficulty of the lungs, which brought me in appearance to the brink of the grave. I consulted those who were called skilful physicians, who pronounced my case incurable. My friends at night did not expect to find me alive in the morning. I was induced, as a last resort, to try Wistar's Balsam, and after taking the first bottle, I felt great relief. I continued to use it, and after taking four bottles, I considered myself cured, and for the last year I have had no occasion to use any medicine for the lungs, and believe myself entirely well.

[Signed] J. T. GRILLEY.

For sale by Charles Schaffer, No. 215 Market street; Frederick Brown, corner of Fifth and Chesnut streets, Philadelphia, and Druggists generally throughout the United States and British Provinces. 1t

ALMANAC.

June 1848	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES
3 Saturday,	4 39	7 21	3 35	
4 Sunday,	4 39	7 21	4 51	D. H. M.
5 Monday,	4 38	7 22	5 45	
6 Tuesday,	4 38	7 22	6 33	New 1 9 40
7 Wedn'sday,	4 37	7 23	7 21	First 8 12 15
8 Thursday,	4 37	7 23	8 6	Full 16 3 57
9 Friday,	4 37	7 23	8 49	Last 24 1 24
10 Saturday,	4 37	7 23	9 32	New 30 5 15

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

		9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
May	21,	76	87	90
	22,	75	84	80
	23,	63	67	74
	24,	60	64	68
	25,	67	75	80
	26,	67	77	90
	27,	67	77	90

Married,

On Thursday evening, the 25th ultimo, by Friends' ceremony, Ellwood W. Kimber, of Philadelphia, to Mary Louisa, daughter of John Holman, Esq. of Manton Village.

On the 4th ultimo, by the Rev. John L. Grant, Mr. Philip H. Lepps, of Kensington, to Miss Annie Abel, daughter of Anthony Abel, of N. Liberties.

On the 23d ult. by the Rev. Dr. P. F. Mayer, Chas. R. Prowattian, Esq. to Miss Sarah Taylor, daughter of Banner Taylor, Esq. all of the Northern Liberties.

On the 22d ult. by the Rev. John L. Grant, James Roe, merchant, of Woodbury, N. J. to Susan, daughter of the late Jacob Mitchell, of Philadelphia.

On the 10th ultimo, by Mayor Swift, Isaac H. Satterthwait, of Burlington county, to Caroline B. Clement, of Camden county, N. J.

On the 21st ultimo, by the Rev. W. D. Howard, Mr. William Adams, to Miss Mary A. Stautz, all of Frankford.

On the 23d ult. by the Rev. R. J. Black, William Montgomery, to Miss Eliza Montgomery, both of Kensington.

On the 8th ult. by the Rev. Richard Newton, of St. Paul's Church, Atwood Smith, to Mary J. Vickars, daughter of S. S. Forman, of N. J.

On the 18th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Odenheimer, of St. Peters' Church, Francis Berre, late of Washington City, to Louisa S. Nicholson, of N. J.

On the 18th ult. by the Rev. Alfred S. Patton, Pastor of West Chester Baptist Church, Mr. Thomas R. Jones, of Blockley Township, Philadelphia county, to Miss Jane E. Williams, of Westtown Township, Chester county, Pa.

On the 16th ultimo, by the Rev. A. D. Gillette, Mr. Charles Forsberg, to Miss Mary Hall, both of this city.

On the 25th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Geo. Boyd, Andw. J. Catherwood, to Ellen C. daughter of John Naglee, Esq. all of this city.

On the 18th ult. by the Rev. George B. Ide, Mr. John Prendaville, to Miss Mary A. McLean, all of this city.

On the 25th ult. by the Rev. Samuel B. Wylie, D. D., James S. Martin, to Eliza, daughter of Hood Simpson, Esq. all of Philadelphia.

On the 25th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Ducachet, Helen, daughter of Bernard Henry, Esq. of this city, to Frederick O. Prince, Esq. of Boston.

On the 4th ult. by the Rev. C. Karsner, Mr. James M. Blackson, to Elizabeth C. Lockwood, both of this city.

Died,

On the 29th ult. Mrs. Sarah, wife of Robert Harvey, aged 38 years.

On the 27th ult. Joseph, son of Joseph and Margaret Lewry, aged 9 years.

On the 27th ult. Wm. S. Snyder, aged 4 months.

On the 28th ult. Emma Taylor, daughter of John C. and Ann Hopewell, aged 21 months.

On the 28th ult. Moses Wray, aged 6 months.

On the 27th ult. Miss Caroline Rehn.

On the 27th ult. Rachel Thickett, aged 21 mos.

On the 27th ult. Wm. Johnson, aged 66 years.

On the 28th ult. Rosanna Falty, aged 91 years.

On the 26th ult. Silas Snow, aged 64 years.

On the 27th ult. Samuel Milton Waters, and on the 29th ult. Thomas Newton Waters, twin children of Saml. and S. L. Waters, aged 20 months.

On the 27th ult. John Butland, aged 20 years.

On the 25th ult. Joseph Campbell, aged 22 years.

On the 28th ult. Mr. Michael Rodrang, aged 57.

On the 24th ult. Mrs. Ellen Dainnin, aged 40.

On the 25th ult. Mrs. Elizabeth L. wife of Wm. C. Ardis, aged 24 years.

On the 26th ult. John Maher, aged 25 years.

On the 25th ult. Elizabeth D. Able, aged 6 years and 6 months.

On the 28th ult. John Theiss, aged 56 years.

On the 28th ult. Jane Eliza, wife of Capt. Geo. W. Anthony, aged 33 years.

On the 25th ult. Mrs. Hannah Lore, aged 32 years.

On the 24th ult. Mrs. Emily Farson, aged 31.

On the 24th ult. Mrs. Margaret Stewart, aged 26.

On the 24th ult. Mr. Wm. Moss, aged 41 years.

On the 25th ult. Margaret Howell.

On the 24th ult. John Hoffman, of Roxborough, aged 76 years.

On the 25th ult. Deborah, wife of Wm. Kain, aged 42 years.

On the 25th ult. Emily M. Clark, aged 19 years.

On the 23d ult. Wm. Harold, son of Wm. B. Mann, aged 5 years.

At the Military Hospital, in the city of Mexico, Charles W. Smith, son of Col. Wm. P. Smith, of this city.

On the 24th ult. Rebecca, daughter of Francis S. and Sarah E. Turner, aged 3 years.

On the 24th ult. James Finley, aged 54 years.

On the 25th ultimo, Mrs. Francesca R. Spindler, aged 84 years.

On the 25th ult. Geo. R. Shaw, aged 2 years.

On the 27th ult. Thomas Allibone, aged 17 years.

On the 25th ult. Miss Mary Colesberry, aged 22.

On the 23d ult. Mrs. Matilda C. Sipps.

On the 25th ultimo, Edwina, daughter of Mary McLaughlin, aged 10 months.

WATCHES, JEWELRY, AND SILVER WARE.

THE SUBSCRIBER HAS A VERY SUPERIOR assortment of goods in the above line, to which he would invite the attention of the public. His facilities for procuring his watches, &c., are such as to enable him to retail as low as some of the so called cheap stores pay at wholesale. Instead of buying on time, his practice is to purchase at nett cash, whereby a large discount is saved. The public may be assured that all articles sold by him will prove to be what they are sold for, or they may be returned. The price always being governed by the quality.

Watches:
Gold Lever, full jewelled, 18 carat cases, from $35 00 to 100 00
" Lepine " from 25 00 to 35 00
Silver Levers, " from 17 00 to 35 00
Plain and Lepine, " from 6 00 to 14 00

Jewelry of his own manufacture, of every variety, and fine Gold Pencils from $1 00 to 12 00. Gold Pens from $1 00 upwards. Gold Chains, Bracelets, Pins, Rings, Miniature frames, &c., of the finest quality and lowest prices.

Silver Ware of every description. The attention of the public is particularly invited to this article—consisting in part of Spoons, Forks, Ladles, Butter Knives, &c. Teaspoons as low as $4 50 per set. The subscriber takes especial care to have all his Silver Ware made exclusively of standard silver. Cake Baskets, Castors, Britannia Ware, &c., of the latest patterns and finest finish.

S. M. HOPPER,
No. 66 Chesnut street, between Second
june 3-1y and Third, (south side) Phila.

IN EVERY AGE OF THE WORLD the professions have been slow to admit the value of new discoveries, or the expediency of adopting them in practice. It is not to the legal profession that we look for reforms in jurisprudence, neither do we find the advocates of medical reform among physicians. Each depreciates whatever is found to innovate upon received opinions and established usage. Hence the opposition which medical men too often exhibit to the use of private remedies, whatever their acknowledged value, or great efficiency in the cure of disease. No medicine has ever done so much for the relief of human suffering than Dr. Osgood's India Cholagogue. The certainty with which it cures Fever and Ague, and eradicates bile from the system, is acknowledged by all. Do you prefer a speedy and effectual cure, to a regular and scientific run of disease? Try the Cholagogue, and the object is accomplished. Then tell your suffering neighbor what it has done for you, that it may do the same for him.

For sale by JOHN M. MARIS & Co., agents for the proprietor, No. 9 South Third street, Philadelphia, and by Druggists generally. may 20-4t

THE WAY TO EARN A FARM.

A GREAT CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.—AGENTS WANTED in every County in the United States. A number of Agents, well recommended for *honesty, business-tact and integrity*, may hear of inducements of NO ORDINARY KIND, by addressing the subscribers, POSTAGE PAID. A small capital of from $25 to $100, will be necessary to make a commencement. For particulars, address, postage paid, G. B. ZIEBER & Co., Philadelphia.

No LETTERS ATTENDED TO UNLESS THE POSTAGE IS PAID. ap 1-1y

IMPORTANT.—Nothing adds more to personal beauty than a luxuriant head of hair. Yet how often do we see persons neglect this glorious appendage of the "human face divine," and permit their hair, from sickness or other slight causes, to fall off or lose its vigor; when, by using JULES HAUEL'S EAU LUSTRAL HAIR RESTORATIVE, it might be restored to health and beauty. JULES HAUEL,
120 Chesnut street.

GETTING OLD.—This is often said of those who are really much younger than they appear. Persons having very dark hair are apt to get grey while quite young. How often do we see a fine head of hair streaked with white. The use of JULES HAUEL'S VEGETABLE LIQUID HAIR DYE would obviate this. It is indelible, and is not affected by the action of water, heat, or perspiration, and the most intimate friend would not be aware that a dye had been used.
JULES HAUEL,
ap 15-1y 120 Chesnut street.

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N. E. Corner Sixth and Brown Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

WHERE CARRIAGES of every description are built to order and for sale, which for *Style, Durability* and elegance of *Finish* can not be surpassed by any in the *country*. Workmen of celebrity are engaged and the best materials used.

Southern and Western Merchants will find it to their advantage to call at this establishment, as the proprietor is a Practical Coach Maker, and having worked in the best shops in this and in other countries, flatters himself that the tastes of all persons can be suited, the work being executed under his immediate inspection. Orders from any part of the country promptly attended to. ap 29-1y*

N. B.—Omnibuses run from the exchange past the factory every few minutes. WM. D. ROGERS.

CHEAP AND GOOD WATCHES, JEWELRY and SILVER-WARE, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, at the PHILADELPHIA WATCH AND JEWELRY STORE, No. 96 North SECOND Street, corner of QUARRY, Philadelphia.

Gold Lever Watches, full jewelled, 18 carat cases, $30 and over
Silver Lever Watches, full jewelled, 15 "
Silver Lepine Watches, jewelled, 11 "
Silver Quartier Watches, $5 to 10
Gold Pencils, $1 50 to $7 00
Fine Gold Rings, 37½ cents to $80

Silver Spoons, equal to coin, per set—Teas $5, Desert $10, Table $15.

Watch Glasses, best quality—plain 12½ cents, patent 18¾, lunet 25.

Other articles in proportion. All goods warranted to be what they are sold for.

Constantly on hand, a full assortment of fine Gold Jewelry and Silver-ware. Also an assortment of M. I. Tobias & Co., E. Simpson, Samuell & Brothers, E. S. Yates & Co., John Harrison, G. & R. Beesley, and other superior Patent Lever Movements which will be cased any style desired.

Arrangements have been made with all the above celebrated makers, the best manufacturers of Liverpool, to furnish at short notice any required style of Watch, for which orders will be taken and the name and residence of the person ordering put on if requested.
O. CONRAD,
jan 29-41y No. 96 North SECOND Street,
Importer of Watches.

TYPE FOR SALE.

ONE LARGE FOUNT OF BOURGEOIS TYPE, in good condition. Apply to the Proprietors of this paper.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

For a single square, first insertion,	$2,00
For each subsequent insertion,	$1,50
For one square, 6 months,	$20,00
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Payment is required in advance.

☞ A NEW VOLUME. ☜

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

THE increasing patronage bestowed on this work will be met with redoubled enterprise on the part of the publisher. The new volume will be opened, in the July number, with THE MOST SUPERB MEZZOTINT ever issued in any magazine.

THE LITERARY CONTENTS.

These will be under the control of Mrs. Ann S. Stephens and Charles J. Peterson. Mrs. Stephens is the FEMALE SCOTT of America—the best magazine writer living—and no person should be without her magazine. All the best writers contribute *originally* to this magazine.

OUR SPLENDID FASHION PLATES.

This magazine has always been the best guide for the fashions, which we get in advance. THE COSTUMES ARE SELECTED, ENGRAVED AND COLORED FOR IT A MONTH AHEAD OF ALL RIVALS. To each plate is added a full letter-press description, besides information on all the latest styles. No lady, much less a professional dress-maker, should be without this work. This magazine is, in our Eastern cities, the TRUE BOOK of Fashion!

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

The best proof we can give of the merit of this magazine, is to quote the following, out of several hundred similar notices:

"This charming work, for May, is before us, looking as fresh and delicious as a saucer of strawberries. *The Fashion Plate is certainly the most delicate and interesting of the kind we have ever seen.*"—*McMakin's Saturday Courier.*

"A glorious number, both in its adornments and in its literary contents."—*Chandler's U. S. Gazette.*

"As a Ladies' Magazine it is unsurpassed."—*Warsaw Republican, Kentucky.*

"It is original—American—and is striking ahead of all competitors."—*Tennessee Star.*

"This magazine we have a peculiar love for. Peterson has a taste for such matters."—*Montgomery Ledger.*

"One of the best conducted magazines of the day, not only from the splendor of its embellishments, and the beauty of its Fashion Plate, but the quality of its matter."—*Lincolnton Courier.*

"One of the most elegant and costly, yet the cheapest of all."—*Buckeye Eagle.*

"The engravings are elegant, finer than we have ever seen in works of this kind."—*Bloomington (Iowa) Herald.*

"Its engravings are equal to the three dollar magazines, and its readings from the best writers of the country."—*St. Albans Republican.*

TERMS.

1 copy,	$2,00	7 copies,	$10,00
3 copies,	5,00	16 copies,	20,00

To the Post-Master or other persons obtaining a club of three or five, we will send a copy of "Trumbull's celebrated Picture of the Battle of Bunker Hill," executed on steel, of a size to frame and hang up in the parlor. For a club of seven or sixteen, either the picture or an extra copy of the magazine.

Address, post-paid, the money at our risk,
CHARLES J. PETERSON,
my27-3t No. 98 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.

LIVER COMPLAINT.—The symptoms are uneasiness and pain in the right side, and soreness upon touch immediately under the inferior ribs, inability to lie upon the left side, or, if at all able a dragging sensation is produced which seriously affects respiration, causing very often a troublesome cough, together with these symptoms, we perceive a coated tongue, acidity of the stomach, deficiency of perspiration, and sometimes a sympathetic pain in the right shoulder, with great drowsiness and depression of spirits, and sometimes sores in the mouth and throat and very frequently Jaundice and Dropsy. The symptoms, if permitted to continue, will eventually produce that most baneful disease CONSUMPTION—in fact, a majority of such cases originate from the irritating cause before mentioned. Cathartic medicines must in every case be avoided in the treatment.

JAUNDICE is a disease of which the principal symptom is *yellowness of the skin and eyes*, with high colored urine, and clay colored fæces. It arises from various causes; anything which obstructs the bile in its course so that it is taken into the blood, produces the yellowness of surface, in ordinary cases one or two bottles will effectually remove it, and make the skin clear and healthy; at this season such medicine is invaluable, it removes the cause of all fevers, and the danger of contracting the diseases of Summer and Autumn.

THE YELLOW FEVER of warm climates is only a variety of "Jaundice" depending upon irritation of the Gastro-intestinal surface; by the frequent use of these Bitters that disease can always be prevented.

DYSPEPSIA. The symptoms are very various—those affecting the stomach alone are *nausea, heart burn, loss of appetite, sense of fullness or weight in the stomach, sinking or fluttering in the pit of the stomach, sour eructations, sudden flushes of heat, frightful dreams, cold feet, pains in the limbs, through the chest, &c.* The sympathetic affections are very diversified.

NERVOUS DEBILITY. It generally accompanies Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia. The symptoms are *fluttering at the heart, a choking or suffocating sensation when in a lying posture, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, constant imaginings of evil, and great depression of spirits.*

All of the above diseases can be effectually cured, as well as ASTHMA, DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS, FLATULENCE OR PULMONARY DISEASES arising from the Stomach or Liver, by DOCTOR HOOFLAND'S CELEBRATED GERMAN BITTERS.

They are free from Acids, Quinine, Aloes, Mercury, and all Alcoholic stimulants, all of which are mere palliatives in the above diseases. The success and all the advantage to be derived from the administration of internal medicine depend upon the stomach.

The functions of the stomach are of the utmost importance to every one, it constituting the source and fountain of life, which is nutrition. No organ possesses such remarkable sympathies, none such remarkable power in modifying every part of the system.

The rare success in treating diseases of the Liver, Stomach, &c., successfully, has not been a want of pathological knowledge of their functions, but the preparation of suitable Vegetable Compounds, so as to obtain not only their whole power, but as they would be most effectual and grateful, acting upon all the sympathetic affections as well as the cause or seat of the disease.

These "Bitters" *will remove all acidity, and give tone and action to the most delicate stomach, and will in every case entirely destroy costiveness, and prevent frightful dreams*—they are *Entirely Vegetable*, and their power over diseases in the *Digestive, Biliary, Vascular, Respiratory, and Nervous Systems*, is not equalled by any other preparation in the United States, as the cures in this city prove, after the most skillful physicians had failed.

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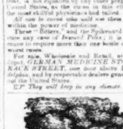
These "Bitters," and the Spikenard Ointment will cure any case of *Inward Piles*; it is a rare occurrence to require more than one bottle of each for the worst cases.

For sale, Wholesale and Retail, at the principal depot, GERMAN MEDICINE STORE, No. 278 RACE STREET, one door above Eighth, *Philadelphia*, and by respectable dealers generally throughout the United States.

☞ *They will keep in any climate.* may6-1y



"O TEMPORA! O MORES!"—CAUTION TO THE PUBLIC.—The only genuine "Dr. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY," has the written signature of the General Agent, W. M. SPEAR, on the outside wrapper surrounding each bottle; this is believed to be the only article, bearing the above title, as emanating from the Doctor. The virtues of the Wild Cherry, for relieving affections of the Lungs, and that all important organ, the Liver, has long enjoyed the confidence of domestic practice.

City of Philadelphia, ss.—William M. Spear, of the city of Philadelphia, being duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is in the possession of the original recipe for preparing a Balsam of Wild Cherry for affections of the Lungs, which was given to him by Dr. Wistar, a regularly educated Physician, and that he believes it to be the only one in possession of any person except the said Dr. Wistar himself.

W. M. SPEAR.

Sworn and subscribed before me, and city seal affixed, on the 1st day of November, A. D., 1847.

[L. S.] JOHN SWIFT, Mayor.

A copyright of the Balsam is secured.

Absurd as it may appear in the face of the above undeniable proof, an individual from Boston, Massachusetts, recently applied to the United States District Court of Pennsylvania for an injunction on the general Agent for the United States and the British Provinces, to prevent said Agent from selling the only genuine Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry (said individual claiming the right). Of course the Hon. Judge of said Court promptly refused it.

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WM. M. SPEAR.

Philadelphia, March 27th, 1848.

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Our Original Contributors are the *AUTHORS OF AMERICA.* We always hold ourselves ready to purchase articles offered to us, at a price proportioned to their merits. But authors whose writings are of a ridiculously exaggerated and immoral character, may save themselves and us the trouble of sending them for examination. The Post is a family paper—*and no article not calculated to enter the family circle can be admitted into its columns.*

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The terms of the enlarged POST to single subscribers will remain the same, viz.: $2.00 per annum, in advance; $3.00, if not paid in advance. For $5.00 in advance, one copy will be sent 4 years.

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The papers will be continued on, either to the subscribers themselves or to the agents through whom we may receive the orders for quantities, and to whom the package or packages may be directed, or to both, if there should be both in the same town, as the case may be.

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☞ Editors copying the above, or a fair abstract of it, or who will give a notice of the new firm and enlarged paper (we ask not that they shall be *praised*, but be *noticed*) in their editorial columns, shall be entitled to an exchange. Such as are already entitled to an exchange for the current year, shall receive the thanks of the new firm.

JUBILEE BROTHER JONATHAN.

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☞ PLEASE TO READ THIS. ☜

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Original Poetry.

LINES,

Addressed to Mr. and Mrs. J. C. C——, of Bucks County, Pa., on the Death of "Little Willie."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY ISABEL ATHELWOOD.

Not many months ago a dewy lip was pressed softly to my own, the music of a clear, young voice fell pleasantly upon my ear, and in the sweet twilight a warm breath crept like a flower-mist upon my cheek. I could not then believe the warm light would so soon leave the violet eye—that the Death Angel's kiss was already pressed upon the rosy mouth—that upon the light form and loving young heart, the dim folds of the winding-sheet were so soon to fall—that our "Willie" would early be a chorister in the orchestra of Heaven. Very sad is the remembrance that we shall look upon his face no more; but we will not weep that an angel has early turned from the bitter cup—that his little wings are now peacefully folded in the temple of God. Earth has a cherub less, but Heaven an angel more.

Wreathe lily-buds on his white brow—
Wreathe lilies pure and fair,
And from the marble temples now
Put back the shining hair;
And fold the little dimpled hands
Upon the sinless breast—
Soft cradled in our Father's arms,
"Wee Willie, dear," will rest.

A little lambkin of the fold,
A dew-drop from the sky,
A cherub boy with coral lip,
And sunshine in his eye;
A voice whose liquid music broke
Like starlight over flowers—
Oh! it was not strange that God should love
This little one of ours!

Then let no bitter tears be shed
Amid the rings of gold,
Our lamb is safely sheltered
In the Good Shepherd's fold.
The Master claims his own fair gift,
And shall it not be given?
A seraph to the broken choir—
An angel unto Heaven!

Frankford, Pa.

Pictures of Life.

THE HUNTER OF TALLULAH.

Tallulah Falls, Georgia, April 29, 1848.

The subject of my present letter is *Adam Vandever*, "the Hunter of Tallulah." His fame reached my ears soon after arriving at this place, and, having obtained a guide, I paid him a visit at his residence, which is planted directly at the mouth of the Tallulah chasm. He lives in a log-cabin, occupying the centre of a small valley, through which the Tallulah river winds its wayward course. It is completely hemmed in on all sides by wild and abrupt mountains, and one of the most romantic and beautiful nooks imaginable. Vandever is about sixty years of age, small in stature, has a regular built weasel face, a small gray eye, and wears a long white beard. He was born in South Carolina, spent his early manhood in the wilds of Kentucky, and the last thirty years of his life in the wilderness of Georgia. By way of a frolic, he took a part in the Creek war, and is said to have killed more Indians than any other white man in the army. In the battle of Ottassee alone, he is reported to have sent his rifle-ball through the hearts of twenty poor heathens, merely because they had an undying passion for their native hills, which they could not bear to leave for an unknown wilderness. But Vandever aimed his rifle at the command of his country, and of course the charge of cold-blooded butchery does not rest upon his head. He is now living with his *third* wife, and claims to be the father of *over thirty children*, only five of whom, however, are living under his roof, the remainder being dead or scattered over the world. During the summer months he tills, with his own hand, the few acres of land which constitute his domain. His live stock consists of a mule and some half dozen goats, together with a number of dogs.

On inquiring into his forest life, he gave me, among others, the following particulars. When the hunting season commences, early in November, he supplies himself with every variety of shooting materials, steel-traps, and a comfortable stock of provisions, and, placing them upon his mule starts for some wild region among the mountains, where he remains until the following Spring. The shanty which he occupies during this season is of the rudest character, with one side always open, as he tells me, for the purpose of having an abundance of fresh air. In killing wild animals he pursues but two methods, called "fire lighting" and "still hunting." His favorite game is the deer, but he is not particular, and secures the fur of every four-legged creature which may happen to cross his path. The largest number of skins that he ever brought home at one time was six hundred, among which were those of the bear, the black and gray wolf, the panther, the wild-cat, the fox, the coon, and some dozen other varieties. He computes the entire number of deer that he has killed in his lifetime at four thousand. When Spring arrives, and he purposes to return to his valley home, he packs his furs upon his old mule, and, seating himself upon the pile of plunder, makes a bee-line out of the wilderness. And, by those who have seen him in this homeward-bound condition, I am told that he presents one of the most curious and romantic pictures imaginable.—While among the mountains, his beast subsists upon whatever it may happen to glean in its forest rambles, and, when the first supply of his own provisions is exhausted, he usually contents himself with wild game, which he is often compelled to devour unaccompanied with bread or salt. His mule is the smallest and most miserable looking creature of the kind that I ever saw, and glories in the singular name of "*The Devil and Tom Walker.*" When Vandever informed me of this fact, which he did with a self satisfied air, I told him that the first portion of the mule's name was more applicable to himself than to the dumb beast; whereupon he "grinned horribly a ghastly smile," as if I had paid him a compliment. Old Vandever is an illiterate man, and when I asked him to give me his opinion of President Polk, he replied:—"I never seed the Governor of this State; for, when he come to this country, some years ago, I was off on 'tother side of the ridge, shooting deer. I voted for the General, and that's all I know about him." Very well! and this, thought I, is one of the freemen of our land, who help to elect our rulers!

On questioning my hunter friend with regard to some of his adventures, he commenced a rigmarole narrative, which would have lasted a whole month had I not politely requested him to keep his mouth closed while I took a portrait of him in pencil.—His stories all bore a strong family likeness, but were evidently to be relied on, and proved conclusively that the man knew not what it was to fear. As specimens of the whole, I will outline a few. On one occasion he came up to a large gray wolf, into whose head he discharged a ball. The animal did not drop, but made its way into an adjoining cavern and disappeared. Vandever waited awhile at the opening, and as he could not see or hear his game, he concluded that it had ceased to breathe, whereupon he fell upon his hands and knees, and entered the cave. On reaching the bottom, he found the wolf alive, when a "clinch fight" ensued, and the hunter's knife completely severed the heart of the animal. On dragging out the dead wolf into the sunlight, it was found that his lower jaw had been broken, which was probably the reason why he had not succeed in destroying the hunter.

At one time, when he was out of ammunition, his dogs fell upon a large bear, and it so happened that the latter got one of the former in his power, and was about to squeeze it to death. This was a sight the hunter could not endure, so he unsheathed his huge hunting knife and assaulted the black monster. The bear tore off nearly every rag of his clothing, and in making his first plunge with the knife, he completely cut off two of his own fingers instead of injuring the bear. He was now in a perfect phrenzy of pain and rage, and on making another effort succeeded to his satisfaction and gained the victory. That bear weighed three hundred and fifty pounds.

On another occasion he had fired at a large buck near the brow of a precipice some thirty feet high, which hangs over one of the pools in the Tallulah River. On seeing the buck drop, he took it for granted that he was about to die, when he approached the animal for the purpose of cutting its throat. To his great surprise, however, the buck suddenly sprung to his feet, and made a tremendous rush at the hunter with a view of throwing him off the ledge. But what was more remarkable the animal succeeded in its effort, though not until Vandever had obtained a fair hold of the buck's antlers, when the twain performed a somerset into the pool below. The buck made its escape, and Vandever was not seriously injured in any particular. About a month subsequent to that time he killed a buck, which had a bullet wound in the lower part of its neck, whereupon he concluded that he had really triumphed over the animal which had given him the unexpected ducking.

But the most remarkable escape which old Vandever ever experienced, happened on this wise. He was encamped upon one of the loftiest mountains in Union county. It was near the twilight hour, and he had heard the howl of a wolf. With a view of ascertaining the direction whence it came, he climbed upon an immense boulder-rock, (weighing perhaps fifty tons,) which stood on the very brow of a steep hill side. While standing upon this boulder he suddenly felt a swinging sensation, and to his astonishment he found that it was about to make a fearful plunge into the ravine half a mile below him. As fortune would have it, the limb of an oak tree drooped over the rock; and as the rock started from its tottlish foundation, he seized the limb, and thereby saved his life. The dreadful crashing of the boulder as it descended the mountain side, came to the hunter's ear while he was suspended in the air, and by the time it had reached the bottom he dropped himself on the very spot which had been vacated by the boulder. Vandever said that this was the only time in his life when he had been really frightened; and he also added, that for one day after this escape he did not care a finger's snap for the finest game in the wilderness.

While on my visit to Vandever's cabin, one of his boys came home from a fishing expedition, and on examining his fish I was surprised to find a couple of *shad* and three or four *striped bass* or *rock-fish*. They had been taken in the Tallulah, just below the chasm, by means of a wicker net, and at a point distant from the ocean at least two hundred and fifty miles. I had been informed that the Tallulah abounded in trout, but I was not prepared to find salt-water fish in this remote mountain wilderness.

Since I have introduced the above youthful Vandever to my readers, I will record a single one of his deeds, which ought to give him a fortune, or at least an education. The incident occurred when he was in his twelfth year. He and a younger brother had been gathering berries on a mountain side, and were distant from home about two miles. While carelessly tramping down the weeds and bushes, the younger boy was bitten by a rattlesnake on the calf of his leg. In a few moments thereafter the unhappy child fell to the ground in great pain, and the pair were of course in unexpected tribulation. The older boy, having succeeded in killing the rattlesnake, conceived the idea, as the only alternative, of carrying his little brother home upon his back. And this deed did the noble fellow accomplish. For two long miles did he carry his heavy burden, over rocks and down the water courses, and in an hour after he had reached his father's cabin the younger child was dead; and the heroic boy was in a state of insensibility from the fatigue and heat which he had experienced. He recovered, however, and is now apparently in the enjoyment of good health, though when I fixed my admiring eyes upon him it seemed to me that he was far from being strong, and it was evident that a shadow rested upon his brow.—*Correspondent of the National Intelligencer.*

PEDLARS AND POETS.

How vastly more strange and extravagant-looking truth is than fiction! Our Edinburgh reviewers deemed it one of the gravest among the many grave offences of Wordsworth, that he should have made the hero of the "Excursion" a pedlar. "What," they ask, "but the most wretched and provoking perversity of taste and judgment could induce any one to place his chosen advocate of wisdom and virtue in so absurd and fantastic a condition? Did Mr. Wordsworth really imagine that his favorite doctrines were likely to gain anything in point of effect or authority by being put into the mouth of a person accustomed to higgle about tape or brass sleeve-buttons? Or is it not plain that, independent of the ridicule and disgust which such a personification must give to many of his readers, its adoption exposes his work throughout to the charge of revolting incongruity, and utter disregard of probability or nature?" If the critics be thus severe on the mere choice of so humble a hero, what would they not have said had the poet ventured to represent his pedlar not only as a wise and meditative man, but also as an accomplished writer, and a successful cultivator of natural science—the author of a great national work, eloquent as that of Buffon, and incomparably more true in its facts and observations? Nay, what would they have said if, rising to the extreme of extravagance, he had ventured to relate that the pedlar, having left the magnificent work unfinished at his death, an accomplished prince—the nephew of by far the most puissant monarch of modern times—took it up, and completed it in a volume, bearing honorable reference and testimony, in almost every page, to the ability and singular faithfulness of his humbler predecessor, the "Wanderer?" And yet this strange story, so full of "revolting incongruity and utter disregard of probability or nature," would be exactly that of the Paisley pedlar, Alexander Wilson, the author of the "American Ornithology"—a work completed by a fervent admirer of the pedlar's genius, Prince Charles Lucien Bonaparte.—*Bass Rock.*

A FABLE.

A Lecturer upon Pneumatics filled a small paper globe with pure hydrogen gas, and suffered it to ascend into the air. It rose till the ceiling of the room arrested its progress, and then remained suspended at that elevation, moving occasionally to and fro.

"Do look at that absurd balloon!" said the gas-pipe; "why could it not stay quietly on the earth? It never could have been filled but for me, and yet it is too proud to be content as I am!"

"Why does it go to the left in that manner?" cried the air-pump. "How ridiculous! *I* stand quite still."

"Now it is moving the other way!" exclaimed one of the retorts; "and now back again!"

"We don't think it knows which way it is going," said they, all together; "we believe it is either mad or intoxicated. Its motions are evidently without reason."

"Be satisfied, my children," said the lecturer. "If you had the power within you to rise to that high region, you would find currents there which, on the surface of the earth, you do not feel. You cannot know the causes of movement which there prevail. How, then, should you be able to judge of the results?"—*Sharpe's Magazine.*

Humorous Sketch.

WAKING UP THE WRONG PASSENGER.

BY FALCONBRIDGE.

The inexcusable penchant some people have, for poking their nasal protuberance into the affairs of others, not unfrequently costs considerably more, upon a fair average, than it comes to, as the following facts would seemingly illustrate.

The high sheriff of a small settlement in Indiana, who had arisen to that tall niche in official duty from the mere lees of pettifogging, knowing the law, and feeling his oats, determined to do his duty up to the handle; and under these circumstances, he hit upon all transgressors of the statutes of his country, with the "dead set" of a possum on a June bug. Fate, an old sorrel horse, with a Yankee wagon stowed with notions, brought an adventurous son of New England out upon the aforesaid high sheriff's beat, and as the sheriff was particular pandemonium on hawkers and pedlars without license, he no sooner espied a pedlar's wagon, or a Dutchman with a pack, than he would "drop all," and board such craft plum! For the sake of abbreviation, we shall call the high sheriff Nickem. Nickem, one morning, sees an old sorrel hitched to a "yaller" wagon, coming up the road; so out he sallies, and soon overhauls the wagon and contents.

"Fine mornin'," said Nickem, reining up his nag in front of the pedlar's wagon.

"'Tis pooty fine, I guess, for yeour wooden country," said the pedlar.

"What you got to sell, any thing?" said the sheriff.

"Guess I hev, a few notions, one sort or other. What'd yeou like to hev? Got some rale slick raze-surs, and some prime strops; an article I guess you want, Squire, by look o' yer beard. And here's some rale gen-oo-wine paste blackin'—make them old cow-hide beouts o' yourn shine like a dollar."

"Thank you," said Nickem; "I don't use blackin'; grease is better, we allow, out this way. But what's that stuff in the bottles thar—is it good to take?" continued he, pointing to a lot of labelled bottles.

"Well, I guess, Squire, it is sort o' good; it's balm o' Columby; good for the 'har,' and cures the belly ache; all nation fine stuff for assistin' 'poor human natur,' as the poet says, in the affairs of life. A-n-d such stuff for expandin' the ideas, and causin' 'em to flow spontaneously! Knew a feller once who took a bottle on a 4th of July, a-n-d scissors! didn't he make a speech! Dan'l Webster and Henry Clay got ashamed of themselves, and went clear hum! Fact, by golly!"

"What d'ye ask for it?" inquire Nickem.

"A dollar a bottle's the price, Squire, but see'n it's yeou, guess I'll let yeou hev it for seventy-five cents. Cheap as dirt, ain't it?"

"Well, I reckon I'll take a bottle; that's the change," said Nickem.

"And there's the balm of Colomby. Hain't nothin' else in my line to-day, Squire?" said the composed and vivacious Yankee.

"B'lieve not; oh! yes, now I think of it, stranger, have you got a license for peddling in this state?" said Nickem, coming to business.

"Guess I hev, Squire. May be yeou'd like to see it?"

"Well, stranger, seein' as I'm the high sheriff of this county, I reckon I shall trouble you to show your license."

"Oh! certain, certain, Squire, yeou kin see it, there it is, all haed up in black and white, nice as wax, ain't it?"

"It's all right, perfectly right," said Nickem, taking up the document, and handing it back to the pedlar, and he added, "I don't know, now that I have bought this stuff, that I keer anything about it. I reckon I may as well sell it to you again; what'll you give for it?"

"Oh! I deon't know that the darn'd stuff's any use to me, but seein' its yeou, sheriff, guess I'll give yeou about thirty-seven-and-a-half cents for it," quietly responded the trader. The high sheriff handed over the bottle and received the change, when the pedlar observed—

"I say, yeou, guess I've a question to ask just neow, *hev you got a pedlar's license about yeour trowsers?*"

"Me? No, I haven't no use for the article, myself," said Nickem.

"Haint, eh? Well, I guess we'll see about that pooty darn'd soon. Ef I understand the law, neow its a clear case that yeou've been a tradin' with me, hawkin' and pedlin' Balm of Columby, on the highway, and I shall inform on yeou—I'll be darn'd ef I don't!"

Reaching the town, the Yankee pedlar was as good as his word, and the high sheriff was *nicked and fined, for peddling without a license!* The sheriff was heard to say, *you might as well try to hold a greased eel as a live Yankee!*—*Yankee Blade.*

WOMAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY CAMPBELL MORFIT.

It is pleasing to contemplate the theme of female excellence; the heart of man warms with emotion as he hears of the noble deeds of woman; as he views her quiet goodness; as he marks her conjugal devotion, her fidelity, her firmness of principle, the thousand little tendernesses clinging around her heart, animating her to please by all the winning graces and attractions that can fix affection; nor relaxing after marriage in the cultivation of those powers which first commanded admiration because she has secured her victory. He loves and admires her when thus true to the amiable impulses of her nature. But if captivating in the freshness and poetry of her early feelings, when the fragrance of her own spirit falls on everything like dew, how much higher does she erect herself in his esteem when the hour of trial comes, when adversity overtakes those she loves, and the appeal to her sympathies is the strongest that can be made, because it comes through the channel of her affections. Then see what a power of endurance she exhibits; what fortitude, what energy! Qualities, which amid the sunshine of prosperity lay latent and unperceived for want of occasion to call them forth, now appear to view with the hope-reviving influence which we may suppose a near and friendly beacon would have upon the sinking heart of the shipwrecked mariner.

Difficulties which crush the haughty spirit of man, and subdue his strength to the weakness of a child, are met by her with a courage that seems to increase proportionally to its demand. With a self sustaining energy she counteracts the impression of grief in her own heart, and roused by her love and constancy she turns to her partner, now dearer than ever, from the touch of misfortune, to console, to invigorate, to assist. Shedding a benign influence upon his existence, which causes him to feel, amid all his misery, that happiness still remains for him while blessed with the affection of such a friend and ministrant; that labor, however rude, cannot degrade him while he is encouraged by the esteem of a heart so noble and true.

Beautifully the poet describes this tenderness of affection in the wedded pair:

"Across the threshold led,
And every tear kiss'd off as soon as shed;
His home she enters, there to be a light,
Shining within, when all without is night;
A guardian angel o'er his life presiding,
Doubling his pleasures, and his cares dividing."

Oh, woman! Well may we say that lovely as you are in your hours of joy and triumph, far more interesting are you to the heart of man when actuated by a sentiment like this; that nature, though she made you fair, made you never so fair as in the expression of this, her best feeling.

Who that estimates properly the dignity and importance of your character, could ever wish to see you usurping another altogether opposed to the harmony of its present design? They who are so mistaken, little reck of the moral strength which lies concealed under your physical weakness; they reflect not that your mission here is one of love and charity to further the advancement of human happiness, and this is an exalted destiny.

To enter the avenue of politics, or take part in public affairs, is not the vocation of woman, but to form the characters of those upon whom such duties naturally devolve,—to train up the little child who derives from her both its mental and physical constitution, to act its part properly on the stage of life, to temper the sternness of man into mercy, to exalt generosity into magnanimity, to disarm passion by tenderness, by purity to triumph over sense, to animate the labors of the toil worn student, to soothe the vexations of the disappointed statesman, to compensate for friends that are treacherous, or power that has passed away,—such is the vocation of woman. To watch by the couch of the sufferer, to soften by her gentle care the anguish of the body, and the far worse anguish of the mind, to visit the forsaken, to tend the neglected when false friends betray, law persecutes and kindred stand afar off—then in that full hour of agony and of hate, when *all* have deserted the unhappy victim, to come like an angel of mercy, and with her heavenly sympathy still the throbbing of his troubled breast. Then, when the wild earth seems a waste, and muttered execrations are coupled with his name, the foul aspersions of calumnious tongues but draw her nearer to him, and make her own sweet lips more firm and fond.—Then at that critical period of man's destiny when despair, like a dark fiend, seems brooding over him, ready to destroy, then,

"Oh, Woman! 'tis thy chosen hour to save."

JOHN LITTLEJOHN.

BY CHAS. MACKAY.

John Littlejohn was staunch and strong,
Upright and downright, scorning wrong;
He gave good weight, and paid his way,
He thought for himself, and he said his say.
Whenever a rascal strove to pass,
Instead of gold, bad money or brass,
He took his hammer, and said, with a frown,
"*The coin is spurious, nail it down.*"

John Littlejohn was firm and true,
You could not cheat him in "two and two;"
When foolish arguers, might and main,
Darkened and twisted the clear and plain,
He saw through the mazes of their speech,
The simple truth beyond their reach;
And crushing their logic, said with a frown,
"*Your coin is spurious, nail it down.*"

John Littlejohn maintained the right,
Through storm and shine, in the world's despite;
When fools or quacks desired his vote,
Dosed him with arguments learnt by rote,
Or by coaxing, threats, or promise, tried
To gain his support to the wrongful side,
"*Nay, nay,*" said John, with an angry frown,
"*Your coin is spurious, nail it down.*"

When told that kings had a right divine,
And that the people were herds of swine,
That nobles alone were fit to rule,
That the poor were unimproved by school,
That ceaseless toil was the proper fate
Of all but the wealthy and the great,
John shook his head, and swore, with a frown,
"*The coin is spurious, nail it down!*"

When told that events might justify
A false and crooked policy,
That a decent hope of future good
Might excuse departure from rectitude,
That a lie if white was a small offence
To be forgiven by men of sense,
"*Nay, nay,*" said John, with a sigh and frown,
"*The coin is spurious, nail it down.*"

When told from the pulpit or the press
That Heaven was a place of exclusiveness,
That none but those could enter there
Who knelt with the "orthodox" at prayer,
And held all virtues out of their pale
As idle works of no avail;
John's face grew dark, as he swore, with a frown,
"*The coin is spurious, nail it down.*"

Whenever the world our eyes would blind
With false pretence of such a kind,
With humbug, cant, and bigotry,
Or a specious, sham philosophy,
With wrong dressed up in the guise of right,
And darkness passing itself for light,
Let us imitate John, and exclaim, with a frown,
"*The coin is spurious, nail it down.*"

Science and Art.

THE ORIGINAL INVENTOR.

Many people suppose that by exhibiting evidence of an invention having been known to a private individual, and the same afterwards discovered and patented by another person, that the publication after the patent is granted of the private knowledge and use invention by the previous discoverer, will invalidate the patent. Such is not the case. The discovery and private use of any invention even for a long time before a patent had been granted for the same discovery to another individual, will not injure the patent an hair's breadth. Dolland's patent for reflecting telescopes was held to be valid although it was proven that Dr. Hall reduced the same to practice in his closet long before, and Justice Story declared that "whosoever erects and uses a patent machine, does it at his peril, he takes upon himself all the chances of its being originally valid," and if a patent is surrendered to get a new issue for a defective specification, the erection of the machine by another person in the interim is an infringement of the patent right.

The Constitution of the United States gives Congress authority to grant patents for a limited term to promote the progress of science and the useful arts, consequently it extends its protection to those only that have been made known, either by application for a patent, or to that thrown open and published for the benefit of the public. An invention made known for the benefit of the public, cannot be patented by any individual, for Congress is bound to protect the rights of the public, and the reason why a patent is granted at all, is simply that an invention might come into public use, by a proper compensation to the inventor for the use of the same, for the inventor is bound to take reasonable measures to introduce his invention, if he would expect a renewal, and foreigners must put their patents into operation in the United States, within eighteen months after granted by our Government, or the patent is forfeited.—*Scientific American.*

Improvement in Carriage Springs.—Mr. E. T. Sprout, of Springville, (says the Scientific American,) has invented a new improvement in the carriage, by connecting the spring and reach together—the spring forming part of the reach.—They serve thus combined as braces to the hind axle-tree. The body hoops are also a spring, and there is nothing but steel from the axle-tree and bolster to the body of the carriage. The motion of the carriage is thereby rendered very easy, and only about fifty pounds of common steel spring is needed for a one-horse vehicle. By this improvement; carriages can be made lighter, cheaper, more simple and more durable.

Ancient Religions.

RELIGION OF THE ANCIENT MEXICANS.

Peru and Mexico were, at the discovery of America, the two most polished nations on the Continent, but we are struck with astonishment at the difference between their religious creed. The religion of the Peruvians as we have seen was of a mild and beautiful character; that of the Mexicans was one of the most horrible we can conceive of, not so much on account of the state to which it consigned men in the next world, as the number of victims it immolated in this.

The Mexican Religion was one of *fear*. Superstitious terror were the only motives the priests appealed to, and their thousand deities were all objects of alarm and horror.

Gods, who were solely engaged in bringing misery on mankind, the priests taught, must be propitiated by sacrifices. The anger and vengeance of these hideous deities required victims.—Without the shedding of blood there was thought to be no escape from the most awful calamities. The better the victims, or the greater the number, the more likely were these monstrous gods to be appeased.

It is difficult to understand how an ingenious and amiable people, which the ancient Mexicans were, could have believed in so revolting a creed, or have practiced atrocities so detestable as wholesale human sacrifices on the altars of their gods. But when we witness the various forms of superstition among mankind, we can wonder at no excesses of a priest-hood, and no slavish superstition to which a people can descend.

The temples, worship, and sacrifices of the Mexicans have been minutely described by the companions of Cortes; and we have obtained the following account of the principle temple.

The *Teocalli*, or great temple of Mexitli, was a truncated pyramid one hundred and twenty feet high, and three hundred and eighteen feet square at its base, situated in the midst of a vast enclosure of walls, and consisting of five stories, like some of the pyramids of Saccara. When seen from a distance, it appeared an enormous cube, with small altars, covered with wooden cupolas, on the top. The point where these cupolas terminated, was one hundred and seventy-seven feet above the pavement of the enclosure. The material of which the pyramid was built, is supposed to have been clay, faced with a porus stone resembling pumice stone, hard and smooth, but easily destructible.—Humboldt considers the *Teocalli* as bearing a strong resemblance in form to the mausoleum of Belus, which was only a pyramid, dedicated to Jupiter Belus. All the edifices consecrated to Mexican divinities were truncated pyramids, which class with the pyramidal monuments and tumuli of Asia. Robertson calls the temple of Mexitli, "a solid mass of earth of a square form, partly faced with stone," and observes, that "such structures convey no high idea of progress in art and ingenuity." This may be true; but the analogy they present to the primitive monuments of other nations, is not the less interesting.

De Solis gives the following description of this edifice, on the authority chiefly of Acosta:—"The first part of the building was a great square, with a wall of hewn stone, wrought on the outside with various knots of serpents intertwisted, which gave a horror to the portico, and were not improperly placed there. At a little distance from the principal gate was a place of worship, not less terrible; it was built of stone, with thirty steps of the same, which went up to the top, where was a kind of long flat roof, and a great many trunks of well-grown trees fixed in it, in a row, with holes bored in them at equal distances, and through which, from one tree to another, passed several bars run through the heads of men who had been sacrificed, of whose number (which cannot be repeated without horror) the priest of the temple took exact account, placing others in the room of those which had been wasted by time. A lamentable trophy, by which the enemy of mankind displayed his rancor, and which these barbarians always had in view, without the least remorse! for inhumanity put on the mask of devotion, and custom had rendered death in all its terrors familiar to their eyes. The four sides of the square had as many gates opening to the four winds. Over each of these gates were four statues of stone, which seemed to point the way, as if they were desirous to send back such as approached with an ill disposition of mind. These were presumed to be threshold gods, because they had some reverences paid them at the entrance. Close to the inside of the wall, were the habitations of the priests, and of those who, under them, attended the service of the temples with some offices; which altogether took up the whole circumference, without retrenching so much from that vast square, but that eight or ten thousand persons had sufficient room to dance in it upon their solemn festivals.

In the centre of this square stood a pile of stone, which in the open air exalted its lofty head, overlooking all the towers of this city, gradually diminishing till it formed a half pyramid; three of its sides were smooth, the fourth had stairs wrought in the stone; a sumptuous building, and extremely well proportioned. It was so high that the staircase contained a hundred and twenty steps, and of so large a compass, that on the top it terminated in a flat forty feet square; the pavement was beautifully laid with jasper stones of all colors; the rails, which went round in nature of a balustrade, were of a serpentine form, and both sides covered with stones resembling jet, placed in good order, and joined with white and red cement, which was a very great ornament to the building. On the opening of the rails, where the stairs ended, were two marble statues, which supported in a manner that admirably well expressed the straining of the arms, two huge candlesticks of an extraordinary make. A little further was a green stone, five spans high from the ground, which terminated in an angle, and whereon they extended on his back the miserable victim they were about to sacrifice, and opened his breast to take out his heart. Beyond this stone, fronting the stair-case, stood a chapel of excellent workmanship and materials, covered with a roof of precious timber.

Here the idol was placed on a high altar, behind curtains: it was of human figure, sitting in a chair which had some resemblance of a throne, sustained by a blue globe, which they call Heaven, from the sides whereof came four rods, with their ends resembling the heads of serpents, which the priest placed upon their shoulders, when they exposed their idol to public view. It had on its head a helm composed of plumes of various colors, in form of a bird, with a bill and crest of burnished gold: its countenance was severe and horrible, and still more deformed with two blue bands, which bound its forehead and its nose. In the right hand it held a curling serpent, which served for a staff, and in the left, four arrows, which they venerated as a present from Heaven, and a shield with five white plumes placed in the from of a cross; and concerning these ornaments, these ensigns and colors, they related many remarkable extravagances, with a seriousness deserving to be pitied. On the left hand of this chapel was another of the same make and bigness, with an idol called Tlaloch, in every respect resembling his companion. They were esteemed brothers and friends to such a degree, that they divided between them the patronage of war, equal in power, and unanimous in inclination; for which reasons the Mexicans addressed them both with the same prayers, the same sacrifices, and the same thanksgivings. The ornaments of both chapels were of inestimable value; the walls were hung, and the altars covered with jewels and precious stones, placed on feathers of various colors; and they had eight temples in the city of almost the same architecture, and of equal wealth. Those of a smaller size amounted to two thousand, and were dedicated to as many idols, of different names, forms, and attitudes. There was scarce a street without its tutelar deity; nor was there any calamity incident to nature without its altar, to which they might have recourse for a remedy. In a word, their gods were derived from their fears; nor did they reflect how they lessened the power of some by what they attributed to others. Thus did the devil continually enlarge his dominion, and exercise a most deplorable tyranny over rational creatures, in the possession of which he remained for so many ages, by the incomprehensible permission of the Most High.

In the reign of Ahuitzotl, the eighth King, and the immediate predecessor of Montezuma II., the Mexican empire reached its utmost extent. He completed the great temple which had been begun by his brother Tizoc; and so great was the number of workmen employed, that it was finished in four years. During the time that the building was going forward, the King employed himself in making war upon different nations, reserving all his prisoners for victims to solemnize the dedication of his infernal temple. The number sacrificed on that occasion (A. D. 1486) is stated by Torquemada at 72,344; by other historians at 64,000. The same year, another temple, built by a feudatory lord, was dedicated with the sacrifice of a vast number of prisoners.

Such is the brief, but horrible account we have of the Mexican religion, one of barbaric splendor, and diabolical cruelty. There may be exaggerations in the Spanish writers, who were anxious to excuse their own atrocities, and we can scarcely believe that after thousands of human beings had been offered up sacrifices to those infernals, their bodies were devoured by the priests of the temples. However this may be, the facts of which there can be no doubt are sufficiently horrible to lead us to the most melancholy reflections upon this horrible depravity of the religious sentiment, and the unworthy ideas men are capable of entertaining of the deities they worship.

In and Out.—A man coming to the water side is surrounded by all the crew; every one is officious, every one making application, every one offering his services; the whole bustle of the place seems to be only for him. The same man going from the water side, no noise made about him, no creature takes notice, all let him pass with utter neglect. The picture of a statesman coming into power and going out.—*Pope.*

TRUE LOVE.

Exquisite Miss Millionaire!
Hear a lover's genuine prayer:
Let the world adore your charms,
Swan-like neck, or snowy arms,
Rosy smile, or dazzling glance,
Making all our bosoms dance;
For your purse alone I care,
Exquisite Miss Millionaire!

Ringlets blacker of the block,
Ivory shoulders, Grecian back,
Tresses so divinely twined,
That we long to be the wind,
Waiting till the lady's face
Turns, to give the *coup de grace*.
All these spells to me are air,
Truth is truth, Miss Millionaire.

Let them talk of finger-tips,
Pearly teeth, or coral lips.
Cheeks the morning rose that mock,
Still there is a charm in Stock!
Solid mortgage, five per cent.,
Freehold with "improving" rent,
Russia bond, and railroad share,
Steal my soul, Miss Millionaire.

Let your rhymers (all are crackt)
Rave of cloud or cataract;
On the Rhine, or Rhone, or Arve,
Let romancers stroll and starve.
Cupid loves a gilded cage
(Let me choose your equipage),
Passion pants for Portman Square
(Be but mine), Miss Millionaire.

There you'll lead a London life,
More a goddess than a wife;
Fifty thousand pounds a year
Making our expenses clear;
Giving, once a week, a *fete*,
Simply to display our plate.
Never earth saw such a pair,
Exquisite Miss Millionaire!

Selected Articles.

RULES FOR MARRIED LIFE.

BY A MATRON.

We copy for the benefit of our lady readers, a chapter from Mrs. Tuthill's little book, "My Wife." We know many of them will *bridle up* at seeing it; but perhaps, after all, its advice will not do them much harm.

You ask for my advice on the subject of a wife's duties. Some one says, "We ask for *advice* and mean *approbation*." In your case advice is prospective, for as yet, approbation and advice are synonymous terms.

But you cannot expect perpetual sunshine, for

"Storms will ruffle the tranquillest climes."

I quote from memory—am I right? Another poet tells us of

—"Ships that have gone down at sea,
When Heaven was all tranquility."

As I know you to be perfectly sincere in wishing advice, I shall give it, though there is no present pressure upon the matrimonial barometer indicating stormy weather.

Let me see—I will give it to you in an old-maidish formal kind of way, as follows, namely:

1. If your husband occasionally looks a little troubled when he comes home, do not say to him, with an alarmed countenance, "What ails you, my dear?" Don't bother him; he will tell you, of his own accord if need be. Don't rattle a hailstorm of fun about his ears, either—be observant, and quiet.

2. Don't suppose whenever he is silent and thoughtful that you are of course the cause. Let him alone until he is inclined to talk; take up your book or your needle-work (pleasantly, cheerfully—no pouting—no sullenness) and wait until he is inclined to be sociable.

3. Don't let him ever find a shirt-button missing. *A shirt-button being off a collar or wristband has frequently produced the first hurricane in married life.* Men's shirt collars never fit exactly—see that your husband's are made as well as possible, and then, if he does fret a little about them, never mind it; men have a prescriptive right to fret about shirt collars.

4. Don't trouble your husband with misdemeanors of your domestics. Manage your own department and be mistress there. It is bad taste to bring the affairs of the kitchen into the parlor.—The same may be said of the nursery.

5. Keep your house account-book fair and square—the expenditures of the whole establishment in one part, and your own in another—every cent received and spent accounted for.

6. Wear your husband's favorite colors, whether you think them becoming or otherwise; it is better to please him than yourself, or all the world beside.

7. Don't despise trifles. The sum of human life is made up of infinitesimals. If your husband has a dislike to cheese, never have it on the table, and if you like cheese ever so much, throw it to the dogs rather than eat it. A homely example, very, but it "meets the points in question," as our dear good Dr. C. used to say. In other words, make any sacrifice of taste rather than render yourself in the slightest degree disagreeable.

8. If your husband chance to bring home a friend to dine, when you have made no special preparation, don't be fretted—don't be flurried; receive your guest with cordial hospitality. "Good wine needs no bush," says the proverb. A plain dinner, garnished with smiles, and a warm welcome, is often more delightful than the most sumptuous repast.

9. "Silence is gold," said the ancients: to the woman who can maintain it, and "never answer till her husband calls," is indeed more precious than gold. It is a far more difficult and rare accomplishment to listen intelligently and pleasantly, than to converse finely; if you would be an agreeable wife, you must be a respectful, interested listener.

But I might give you ninety-and-nine rules instead of these nine. Your own heart must dictate them, as the occasions arise.

THE SIAMESE TWINS.

The Siamese Twins are living in North Carolina, as farmers, and both are married. A correspondent of the Richmond papers, who has recently visited their homes, writes home some interesting details in relation to their domestic life.

The twins can chop wood remarkably fast, four hands being on the axe at the same time. They also shoot at a mark or game with their four hands resting on the gun. They drive their horses forty miles to Wilkes, themselves, and do any kind of work about the farm. Mrs. Eng says her husband is very kind to the negroes, and that Chang is very severe with them. Mrs. Eng is also better disposed than Mrs. Chang, although Mrs. Chang is the prettiest. Mrs. Eng is very close and saving; and Mrs. Chang is disposed to indulge in dress and various other expenses. The twins rarely differ about dress; but often differ in their ideas of purchasing negroes or land. The opinion of Eng is always the law, and Chang readily acquiesces. Eng does all the writing, including the signing of notes and other important papers. Eng is one inch taller than Chang, and Chang's wife is taller than Eng's.

Some old lady in the neighborhood a few days ago, asked Eng which was the oldest? and he replied that he was just six months older than his brother. Well, says the old lady, I thought there was about as much difference, for you are party considerable bigger than your brother. They are both good on a joke, and the old lady was in earnest. They have a blacksmith shop on their farm, and a shoemaker's shop also. I saw a good sized frame house that they made, without any assistance, from foundation to roof. At the table they both use a bench, and each has his own knife and fork.

I asked them if they both expected to die at the same time? and they replied that it could not be otherwise; for if the same disease did not take them off at one time, the living one would have to be separated from the dead body, and the act of separation would be his death; but their general impression is that they will both die of the same disease and at the same time. Their affection for each other is very strong. Any of the neighbors offering an insult to the one, the other immediately resents it; and it would take a champion to cope with them in a rough and tumble fight. To use an expression of their neighbors, "they fight like cats."

WHAT IS DEATH?

BY REV. GEORGE CROLY.

What is death? 'Tis to be free,
No more to weep, or joy, or fear;
To join the dread equality;
All, all alike are humble there;
The mighty wave
Wraps lord and slave;
Nor pride, nor poverty dares come
Within that refuge-house, the tomb.

Spirit of the drooping wing,
And the ever-weeping eye,
Thou of all Earth's kings art king;
Empires at thy footstool lie;
Beneath thee strew'd
Their multitude
Break like waves upon the shore,
Forms shall never rouse thee more!

What's the grandeur of the earth
To the grandeur round thy throne?
Riches, honor, glory, birth,
To thy kingdom all are gone;
Before thee stand
The wondrous band,
Bards, heroes, sages, side by side,
Who darkened nations when they died.

The Fulfilment.—The extraordinary change, now going on in the Old World, where, to use the figure of the London Times, "the States of Europe are so many ninepins, and Democracy is bowling at them," calls to mind the strong language which Luther addressed to the Princes of his time,

"Your tyranny and insolence can no longer be endured. God will not endure it. The People cannot be hunted and driven like game as in the world's infancy. *The People shall become enlightened, and princely scourges shall fall before the People!*"

HOME TRUTHS.

The following are extracts from the speech of the Rev. Mr. Magoon, of Cincinnati, made at the Anniversary of the New York Baptist Bible Society:

"It seems strange to me that we scrape every cent we can reach to send the Gospel to our very antipodes, and forget those who come to our own land to make their homes. Do the Catholics build schools and colleges? We may do the same. Let us meet them in kindness, in philanthropy, in discussion and win them. Should a Catholic build on one corner of my house, an Infidel on another, and a Jew in front, when I came forth from my morning devotions I would say, Good day, to each, and pray that God would bless them all. When another speaker told of the Persecution of Baptists by the French King, he might have gone farther—he might have told how a man rose in Paris and battled nobly and successfully for their cause, and that man was a foreigner every where—it was Cremieux, the Jew—subsequently called in the Providence of God, to be Minister of Justice. It is our privilege to give all men freedom to worship God. If they are in error we may pity them, but should never abuse. But the greatest obstacle to be removed is defunct Protestantism—Evangelism congealed. Some men came to the West who had the odor of sanctity, who had, perhaps, been active class leaders on this side of the mountains but they had left all the Christian heat they ever had behind them—they were volcanoes burnt out. They would stop in some devoted place and settle down, the select wheat of God's harvest, predestinated from all eternity to sit in their infernal laziness while the world was perishing around them. They are the fossil remains of Pharoah's lean kine; possessed of a *vis inertia* almost sufficient to stop the wheels of the Almighty's chariot of mercy, and banish every ray of His glory from man."

In reference to the kind of preachers received at the West, he says:

"The education soaked in from the outside, like a Thompsonian bath, is useless there. There is no field for such preachers. Black-board knowledge and Latin roots, emptiness in the head, green glasses over the eyes, dyspepsia in the stomach, and a diploma in the hand, do not suit the people—they want what the Scotch call 'gumption'—they want men like Ringgold's flying artillery, who know how to load and fire in the hottest of the fight. There is no need to wait for a church to call a pastor in the West; he can call his church himself. With a log cabin for a vestry, he can have around him a cathedral whose arches were wrought and wreathed, whose roof was adorned in the way the temples of Greece never knew—the blue sky is visible through its dome, the setting sun streams in between its pillars, and there, in a garb as simple as the sublime truths he tells, he can preach the Word of Life; there is no need of fine linen in double quantity—linen under and linen over his garment—he will not want two shirts."

AWAY TO THE WEST.

BY W. K. COLE.

Away in the West, where the primeval wood
Yet throws its dark fringe on the Michigan flood;
Where, pale in their beauty, the forest flowers bloom,
And the earth is yet mantled in forest-land gloom;
With the bounds of an empire, the dark virgin soil,
Full of treasures, awaiteth the husbandman's toil.

Away in the West, by the Huron's green shore,
Where Nature still reigneth supreme as of yore;
Where, murmuring soft in the flickering gleam
Of its leaf-curtained hall, goes the canopied stream,
There spreads a broad realm, where the toil of the poor
May keep the grim demon of Want from the door.

Away in the West, 'neath the brightest of skies,
And boundless-bounded, the prairie land lies—
The prairie land, over whose surface is rolled
A garment much fairer than diamonds and gold.
There the hard hand of Labor but waveth its wand,
And a harvest all golden springs up from the land.

Away to the West! ye who grovel and pine
In the haunts of the many, in tunnel and mine;
Banish pick-ax and shovel; then, ho! for the plough!
For a tithe of the labor that dampens your brow
Will place you in plenty—a tithe of your toil
Make you chief of the manor, and lord of the soil.

Ye famishing legions from Europe just fled,
Ye exiles of Hunger, ye seekers of bread,
Away with the moment, and linger no more
By the waves that have borne you across to our shore;
For millions and millions as yet there is room,
Where the prairie lands smile and the forest trees bloom.

EATING AND DRINKING ON BOARD THE TRANSATLANTIC STEAMERS.

The Glasgow Herald furnishes some curious particulars of the eatables and drinkables supplied for the consumption of the passengers on board of Cunard & Co.'s American steamers. Each ship on her outward trip is supplied with 50 dozen of port wine, 100 dozen of sherry, 100 dozen of champagne, 50 dozen of Madeira, 50 dozen of hock, 200 dozen of soda-water and lemonade, 300 dozen of Scotch ale, and 200 dozen of London porter, besides spirits of all kinds. They are also ample stores of ice and an abundant supply of fresh water. Each ship is victualed for twenty-one days, and carries at least four thousand pounds of beef, mutton and pork, fresh, and packed in ice. Then there are sixteen dozen of fowls, four dozen of geese, four dozen of ducks, four dozen of turkeys, six dozen of pigeons, and one dozen of roasting pigs, besides ample stores of tongues, calves' heads, &c. Milk is furnished by the cow, though each ship also carries a supply of forty gallons, which is packed in ice, and keeps fresh and sweet till the end of the passage. The baker turns out two hundred loaves or rolls per diem, and the confectioner is never idle. Breakfast begins at half-past eight, and the cloth is removed at ten. There is lunch at twelve, and dinner at four. Tea is served up at seven, and then follows snacks, wine, punch, toddy, gin-slings, &c.—that is for those who want them—till half-past eleven, when the steward's bar is closed, and the lights are out by twelve. Such is life on board of a trans-Atlantic steamer; and in the summer it is said to be becoming quite common for parties to make a pleasure tip to America, in the fashion that people go up the Rhine. There have even been occasions in which young married people have spent their honey moon in a trip to Halifax, a flying visit to Niagara and New York, and a return voyage to England, and all in six weeks.

DANCING AS AN EXERCISE.

A few words may be offered in this place in favor of dancing as an exercise, and as a school-room recreation. Exercising so many muscles otherwise little used—exercising them fully and duly, and without violence—exercising them to the cheering influence of music—exercising them in forms of grace and beauty—dancing may be made as important and valuable part of the physical education, and as such should be spoken of, and promoted by, the powerful voice of the medical public. The balanced action of the opposing muscles, the active use of the different articulations, the extensive and varied action of the spinal muscles, effected by dancing, and the degree to which the mental excitement produced by it enables the exercise to be made use of without undue fatigue, are strong reasons for so decided and favorable an opinion; and this without obtrusive interference with opinions as to the propriety, or otherwise, of carrying the practice of dancing to an excess in the after-life, and making it the plea for late hours, &c. Let people think as they will of public balls, or even of private balls; with the conscientious opinions of others it is not my wish, nor intention, to interfere; but to dancing in the school-room, or among the members of the family circle, few will object; and it not too much to say that if dancing could be made a daily, not nightly, exercise among the people of all classes, the healthiness and the expectation of life, as well as its happiness, would be increased.—*Robertson on Diet and Regimen.*

Martial Law.—A lieutenant of the 10th regiment, in the Matamoras *Flag*, thus tersely sums up the "code martial."

"Please inform your correspondent that the only 'principles of law' which are known here are of the code martial. It consists of but two articles—I order—you obey."

Wit and Humor.

TIME ABOUT.

Two Yankees were strolling in the woods without any arms in their possession, and observing a bear ascending a tree, with its large paws clasped round the trunk, one of them ran forward and caught the bear's paws, one in each hand. He instantly called out to his comrade:

"Jonathan, I say, go home and bring me something as fast as you can, till I kill the varmint. Mind, don't stay, for I'm in a fix."

Jonathan ran off as fast as he could, but was an exceedingly long time returning. During the time the bear had made several desperate attempts to bite the hands of him who held it. At length Jonathan came back.

"Halloo, Jonathan, what the deuce has kep' you?"

"Well, I'll tell you," replied Jonathan; "when I got home breakfast was about ready, and I guessed it would be as well to wait for it."

"Here now, Jonathan," said his comrade, "come you and hold it, and I'll kill the critter in a jiffy."

Jonathan seized the bear's paws, and held the animal while the other could kill it.

"Well, Jonathan, have you got hold of him?"

"I guess I have," replied Jonathan.

"Very well, hold him fast; *I guess I'll go to dinner!*"

Would Not Rhyme.—In a church-yard in the north of England is this epitaph upon one John Newton:—

"Here lies (alas!) and more's the pity,
All that remains of John Newcity."

To which is attached the following:—

"N. B.—The man's name was Newtown, but it would not rhyme."

DON'T SHOOT.

As Professor J. W. Hatch was last summer lecturing upon astronomy, to a class in Cortland county, he brought out his large telescope one evening when the moon was at its full, and just rising, for the purpose of allowing the class to view that luminary through this splendid instrument. The telescope is about the size of a six pounder; and just as they got it levelled and ready for use, a long Yankee, and wife, and wife's mother, in company came round the corner, in an old-fashioned "boat-bodied" wagon. Seeing the cannon as they supposed it to be, just ready to be fired, he hastily stopped the horse, jumped out, and taking the old steed by the bits, held on to him with all his caution. Out leaped the wife and old woman, and stood waiting the explosion with trembling anxiety, the ladies having their fingers in their ears. The professor, who loves a joke, told the boys to keep perfectly still and await the result, while he kept levelling the instrument as if about to discharge it. After waiting some ten or fifteen minutes, Jonathan became impatient, and sung out—"Hallo there, Mister, if your'e goin' to fire that pesky gun, I wish you would be after doin' it, for we're tired of standin' here, and the mare won't stand fire—we want to be goin'." An uncontrollable roar of laughter from the whole class followed this speech, when the professor stepped out to the road and informed the stranger that he could not get it exactly right, they might get in and he would not fire until they got past. In a moment they were in and off, the ladies with their ears corked, and Jonathan beating "the mare" and muttering, "I have seen more ill manners in York State in two weeks, than I ever seen in Connecticut in two years."—*Oneida Morning Herald.*

Too Fast.—A young Scotchman having wooed a buxom damsel, persuaded her to accompany him to a Scottish Justice of the Peace, to have the ceremony performed. They stood meekly under the operation, until the magistrate was laying the damsel under obligations to obey her husband. "Say no more about that, sir," said the half-made husband—"if this hand remains upon my body, I'll make her obey me!" "Are we married yet?" said the expected maiden to the ratifier of covenants between man and woman. "No," said the wondering Justice. "Ah! very well," cried she, "we will finish the remainder to-morrow!" and away skipped the damsel, congratulating herself on her narrow escape.

Trying Electricity.—A lady riding in the cars, found herself seated by the side of an old matron, who was exceedingly deaf.

"Ma'am," said she, in a high tone of voice, "did you ever try electricity?"

"What did you say, Miss?"

"I asked you if you ever tried electricity for your deafness?"

"Oh yes, indeed I did, it's only last summer I got *struck by lightnin'*, and I don't see's it did me a bit of good."

Description of a Bad Road.—"Stranger, which is the way to ——— village?" "There's two roads," responded the fellow. "Well, which is the best?" "Aint much difference; both on 'em very bad. Take which you will, afore you've got half way you'll wish you'd tuck t'other."

Enthusiastic Whig.—"Who are you going for President?" was asked of a Whig.

"For Henry Clay and nobody else, if he lives; if he dies I go *for his administrator!*"

For Housekeepers.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING CAKE.

SELECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Volatile alkali the size of a hickory nut, and a bit of alum of equal size, powdered and dissolved in cold water, will ensure light bread or cake. A quick oven is so hot that you can count moderately only twenty; and a slow one allows you to count thirty, while you hold your hand in it. All cakes without yeast should have the flour put in quickly, just as it goes in the oven. Make your eggs cold, and whisk, till they will stand in a heap. Keep cake in a tin box, or in a stone jar wrapped in clean linen.

Make pudding bags of thick close sheeting, to shut out the water. Before putting in the pudding, put the bag in water, and wring it out, then flour the inside thoroughly. In tying it, leave room to swell; flour and Indian need a good deal, and are hard and heavy if cramped. Put an old plate in the bottom of the pot, to keep the bag from burning to the pot. Turn the pudding after it has been in five minutes, to keep the heavy parts from settling. Keep the pudding covered with water, and do not let it stop boiling, as this will tend to make it water the pudding. Dip the bag a moment in cold water, just before turning out the pudding.

BOILED APPLE PUDDING.

One quarter pound of butter, one pound of flour, two dozen apples. Make a plain paste of flour and butter. Sprinkle your pudding-bag with flour, roll the paste thin, and lay inside the bag, and fill the crust with apples nicely pared and cored. Draw the crust together, and cut off any extra paste about the folds; tie the bag tight, and put it into boiling water. Boil it two hours. A layer of rice, nicely picked and washed, sprinkled inside the bag, instead of crust, makes a very good pudding, called an "avalanche." Common dough rolled out makes a fine crust for the above, especially with a little butter worked in it. It is more healthful than the unleavened crust.

COCOANUT CUP CAKE.

Two cups of rolled white sugar, and one and a half of butter. One cup of milk, and a teaspoonful of saleratus dissolved in hot water. Four eggs well beaten, and a nutmeg. Or flavor with rose water. The white part of one cocoanut, grated. Flour enough to make a stiff batter. Beat it well, put it in buttered tins an inch thick, in a quick oven, and when done, frost it, and cut it in square pieces.

LABOR-SAVING METHOD OF WASHING.

Soak the clothes over night in weak suds; to a four-pail kettle of water add a tablespoonful of soda, (carbonate of soda of the shops,) dissolved; wring out the clothes, put them into the water while cool, and boil them an hour, take them into a tub of warm water, rub them well, and afterwards rinse thoroughly. This will not do for woollens or calicoes.

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 31 letters.
My 20, 9, 4, 18, 9, 14, 17, 1, 16, 27, 12, is a county in New York.
My 6, 21, 2, is a river in Europe.
My 3, 22, 6, 15, 17, 31, 9, is one of the United States.
My 5, 14, 25, 19, is a lake in North America.
My 28, 14, 11, 22, 24, 30, 31, is a town in New York.
My 16, 9, 26, 11, 7, is a county in North Carolina.
My 8, 14, 29, 22, 3, 6, 9, 6, is one of the West India islands.
My 20, 17, 28, is an island discovered by Columbus.
My 13, 14, 17, 31, 20, 19, is a Republic in Europe.
My 23, 10, 9, 18, 19, 31, is an island east of Asia.
My 10, 9, 16, 27, 12, is a river in Spain.
My 12, 17, 14, 6, 15, 22, 25, 9, is an island in the Mediterranean Sea.
My 19, 2, 9, 14, 11, is a lake in Russia.
My 2, 5, 1, 7, 11, is a river in North Carolina.
My 7, 9, 14, 17, 18, 21, 16, 17, is a town in New York.
My 4, 9, 14, is a river in South Carolina.
My whole has rendered much service to this country.
C. D. J.

CHARADE.

My first is possess'd of the wonderful art,
Of painting the feelings that glow in the heart;
Yet had it not been for my second's kind aid,
No respect had my first from a creature been paid.
The name of my whole you can surely reveal,
When I tell you its chiefly compos'd of bright steel

RIDDLES.

1.

No talent yet, without my aid appear'd
Nor art admir'd, I had not first endur'd
Great learning's self be ridiculed and jeer'd
And, beauty wither, if by me they're cross'd,
Nothing's original, or great, or grand,
And taste's perverted, if not ruled by me,
Proud wealth is subject to my dread command,
E'en authors owe their immortality;
No theatre, or drama, farce or play
Is thought worth seeing, if I keep away,
So solve my essence quickly now I pray.

2.

However strange the expression,
There is a thing in your possession,
Which your acquaintance never had,
Yet oftener use than you 'tis said.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is anything fashionable like a meadow?
Ans.—Because it is mode (mowed.)

☞ Why are watchmakers like the failing in business?
Ans.—Because they wind up their affairs.

☞ Why is a manuscript like Philadelphia?
Ans.—Because it is the work of Penn.

☞ Why is a Yankee whittling a wooden image like a man who distinguishes himself?
Ans.—Because "he cuts a figure."

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA.—Alphonse de Lamartine.
CHARADE.—Neck-Lace.
RIDDLE.—A Hat.
ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.
33 days, 19 hours and 12 minutes.

Agricultural.

BUGS, CATERPILLARS, & CO.

Messrs. Editors:—The time being now to look out for the destruction of the above firm, I will add some information to the already existing stock, founded on actual *successful* experience.

Mr. Ayres, one of your subscribers, informed me a short time ago that he succeeded in keeping the yellow striped bug from his vines by putting pieces of glass or china, moistened with the mixture of assafoetida, near every hill. This remedy deserves a trial, since it is of easy application, and was entirely successful.

Having frequently watched these bugs, I thought I discovered that their biting apparatus must be very tender, for they always avoid that part of the plant which is covered with sand or dust; and consequently taking the hint, I succeeded in protecting my plants by sprinkling dust on them when moistened with the morning dews. But the best success I had was by turning into my garden a couple of dozen of *well fed* chickens without the old ones, to (deprive them of teachers how to scratch,) and they not only destroyed the yellow bug, but all others, as well as caterpillars, grasshoppers, &c., and having all the feed they wanted, seem to hunt as much for fun as for luxury, without doing even the *slightest* injury to the plants.

In Europe the English gooseberry bushes and others are often attacked by a green bare-skin caterpillar (geometer brumata?) that destroys the leaves early in the spring; and frequently the bushes die in consequence of it, or lose their fruit. Several remedies proposed were not successful—for instance, sulphur and others—and though sometimes efficient in killing the caterpillars, killed the bushes, too; so that there was not much difference between the remedy and the evil.

I noticed that the caterpillars when coming in contact with sand, exhibited symptoms of distress and pain, and considered the cause to be the crystalline form of the latter acting painfully on the bare skin of the former. Experiments confirmed this view, and suggested at the same time the remedy, which consisted in spreading sheets under the bushes and showering them with dried sand. Such a tumbling was seldom witnessed. Every small particle of sand seemed to act like a streak of lightning. The collected caterpillars served at the same time an excellent feed for my hens. With the assistance of one hand I cleared about four hundred large bushes in one day, and so perfect that they remained free many years afterwards.

I have not noticed the same caterpillar in this region; but the remedy may perhaps be employed to advantage for the destruction of other varieties, as it is cheap, easy procured, and not accompanied with bad consequences to the plants.

Jefferson, Wis., April, 1848. CAUSTIC.

As for these striped bugs, we tried the chips of red cedar thrown about the vines, last season; and that, *or something else*, was a sure protection. Ed. D.

CHEMICAL TERMS USED IN AGRICULTURAL WRITING.

Acids and Alkalies.—Chemists talk so much about "acids" and "alkalies" that almost every body knows what these words mean. Acids are usually sour to the taste, like vinegar, and have the effect to change the color of vegetable *blues* to *red*, and neutralize, or destroy the causticity of alkalies. There are a great number of acids both in the mineral and vegetable kingdoms, and in combination with what are called *oxides* of metals or bases, make the crust if not the bulk of the globe. Pure flint (silica) is an acid, called *silicic* acid.

The Alkalies are two—*potash* and *soda*, which when pure, are oxides of metals, called *potassium* and *sodium*. The term *oxide* signifies a compound, one portion of which is the simple element called *oxygen*, and the other a metal like iron, or other base like carbon or nitrogen. Ammonia, lime and magnesia are sometimes denominated alkalies, but oftener *alkaline* substances. They have the same general characteristics, with only a little less causticity. Alkalies change vegetable *blues* to a pale *green*, instead of *red*, like acids. The alkalies, potash and soda, and all alkaline bodies have a strong affinity for acids. The product of their chemical union is always unlike either, before such union takes place. Pure caustic lime will eat into one's hand, if applied long to it, and so will oil of vitrol, (sulphuric acid.) Put these together in due proportions and each will destroy the causticity of the other, and form a neutral salt, called gypsum or sulphate of lime.

Base is a chemical term much in use. It signifies any substance which will neutralize an acid. Thus the pure earth called alumina is a base, for it will neutralize phosphoric, sulpuric and other acids.

TROPICAL FRUITS IN FLORIDA.

A writer in the Jacksonville News furnishes the following notice of the settlement on the St. Lucie River, near the coast:

"All along this ridge (on the western bank,) the settlers have opened their clearings, amid groves of oak, palmetto, and satin wood, which they have adorned with that primitive shelter from wind and weather, the 'log cabin.' They have settled on the Northern rustic plan of small farms. The soil is gray shell and sand, with vegetable loam. The growth upon it is dense and vigorous. The settlers are engaged in the culture of tropical fruits, and in the turtle fishery. All are endeavoring to get in pine apple plants. There will be grown several hundred during the ensuing season. There were some thirty or forty grown the last summer. I saw the plants growing, also the cocoanut tree, the guava, lemon, lime, orange, &c. I ate of the banana grown there. I saw the tamarind tree also growing in the open air. The Pawpaw grows wild, and the imported West India species grows well.

"The growth of tropical fruits and plants is no longer an experiment. The Sisal hemp plant is found wild. Sugar cane matures and tassels like corn, a yard long. The juices are fine, and full of saccharine matter of good quality, if I may judge of the syrup manufactured there from it. It is altogether the most interesting section of the South, in my opinion, and a fostering of Government, in the way of affording communication along the coast, and in introducing from tropical countries rich and rare seeds and plants, will soon make it a populous and thrifty region."

CARROT CROP.

Amos Wellington's Statement to the Middlesex Society.

The following is a statement of the produce of carrots upon one-eighth of an acre of land. The land is a strong deep soil, on which I have raised carrots four years in succession. I put on four loads of barn manure, say about two cords each year, and plough it in, early in the spring, as deep as possible; then about the middle of May plough again, rake the ground over, and sow the seed with a machine, in drills, one foot apart. As soon as the carrots are up so as to be seen, I hoe between the rows to keep the weeds down. When the carrots are up three or four inches, I weed and thin them so as to leave them from three to five inches apart. My crop this year was 101½ baskets, weighing 57½ lbs. per basket.

Estimated Cost of the Crop.

Interest on the land,	75
Cost of seed and sowing,	75
Cost of manure,	5,00
Ploughing,	1,00
Weeding and thinning,	6,00
Harvesting,	3,50
	$17,50

Value of the crop at $10 per ton, 5,806 lbs., $29,21, leaving a profit of $11,71, equal to $93,68 per acre.

Ashby, Dec. 25, 1847.

PEACHES ON PLUM STOCKS.

We have made some remarks in this number, upon grafting Pear scions on the Apple. There is another branch of fruit culture, which has, as yet, obtained little attention among us, that is, the culture of the peach and apricot on the plum stock. The peach and apricot do not flourish so well in our climate as in other parts of New England farther South, but the plum is perfectly hardy with us. It is slower in its growth than the peach, and hence might induce, by its supplying a less quantity of sap than the roots of the peach itself, a more slow and hardy growth of the peach grafted into it. In England, according to accounts published in that country, this plan is pursued with success. The trees are somewhat dwarfed in their growth, and are not quite so long lived, but they produce fruit much earlier and more abundantly while they live. It may be somewhat late, at present, to give the experiment a fair trial, but perhaps this hint may induce some of our nurserymen to try budding by and by, and grafting another season. If any of our readers have tried this plan, we should be happy to learn the result.—*Maine Farmer.*

Salting Manure.—Mixing salt with stable and other manure has a great tendency to prevent the development of grubs and vermin, which are frequently bred in dung when carried unsalted to the fields. *Am. Agriculturist.*

THE BLACK POTATO.

This potato is tolerably large, generally long, sometimes roundish or oval. Some of them are long and smallest in the middle. They are a dark purple color, or almost black, and are of a dark appearance when pealed. Inside there is a purple or dark ring running around about a quarter of an inch from the surface. It is identical with the Black Chenango.

The Black potato yields well, keeps well, is almost entirely free from rot, and in the spring and summer it is one of the best potatoes, if rightly managed. It should be boiled fifty per cent. more than common potatoes, and then steamed a few minutes after the water is drained off. Thus treated, it becomes tender, sufficiently mealy, and among more than thirty kinds which we have been trying this season, this ranks high. Yet as many people judge from appearances, or do not know how to cook this potato, it is a poor article for the market.—*Boston Cultivator.*

Grasshoppers.—Some of the grasshoppers found in the Island of Borneo are as large as sparrows, and in Sir Edward Belcher's narrative of the voyage of the Samarang, it is stated that a specimen presented to him by Mr. Brooks measured more than four inches in length, and was of a delicate grass green color.

The Olio.

POPOCATAPETL.

The statement that a number of American officers had ascended Mount Popocatapetl in Mexico, has recalled, by the recurrence of the outlandish name, a paraphrase of Horace's 22nd ode, written by John Quincy Adams, in 1836, in which the name is oddly introduced:

The Man, in virtue's garb arrayed,
Of Christian Truth, a liver,
Needs not the sharp Toledo blade,
Nor venom-freighted quiver.
What though he wend his toilsome way
O'er regions wild and weary—
Through Zahara's burning desert stray,
Or Asia's jungles dreary;—

What though he plough the billowy deep,
By luna- light, or solar;
Meet the resistless Simoon's sweep,
Or iceberg circumpolar;
In bog or quagmire, deep and dank,
His foot shall never settle,
He mounts the summit of Mont Blanc,
Or Popocatapetl.

HOW TO GET A GOOD HORSE.

Not a thousand years ago, we knew a country clergyman, who, like ministers generally, did not support a very splendid equipage. Indeed, the animal he drove was usually inferior; he beggared description. He was not broken down; he never had any good qualities to break down. He was not lame nor blind; but seemed to labor under a general infirmity. He was so poor that some declared that he wore green spectacles in the stall and fed on shavings; but it was not so. Although well kept he never improved his condition; he still remained leaner than a Grahamite's shadow, his ribs were still extended in that suppliant manner which seemed to cry, "Oats wanted—enquire within." In all his motions, he was uncouth as an alligator. His gait was a sort of half trot and half canter. There appeared to be a strenuous and praiseworthy effort of the head and fore legs to proceed, in which the hinder parts refused to concur. Even when whipped into a walk, his speed hardly rivalled that of the minute hand of a clock. Had such an animal existed in the days of Richard the III., and he known it, he never would have risked the cry. "My *kingdom* for a horse!"

For this horse of the clergyman, his parishioners conceived a strong antipathy. They could not endure the bitter complaints of the defrauded crows. Having waited in vain for death to come to their relief, they finally bought an elegant horse and presented it to the minister. We presume that an affectionate regard for the pastor was one motive for the generous gift; but the character of the old horse rendered it probable that the donation was principally induced by a desire to see the old incumbent removed from office. So many thought; and among these probably, the writer of the following letter to the aforesaid clergyman, for the authenticity of which we do not vouch:

"Dear brother ———. At a meeting of the ——— association of clergymen, the following preamble and resolution were unanimously passed:—

"Whereas, the members of this association are each in want of a decent horse, and have not the means to buy; and whereas the well-known animal formerly driven by brother ———, has secured for him the gift of a fine horse; therefore,

"*Resolved*, That the said animal be purchased by this association, to be driven by each member, commencing alphabetically, until his parishioners, in commisseration, shall purchase him a horse."

WHEN SOFT WINDS ARE SIGHING.

When soft winds are sighing, love,
Through the chesnut tree;
When daylight is dying love,
Wilt thou roam with me?
Whilst flowers are closing, love,
On the weary bee,
And flocks are reposing, love,
Let us wander free—
Let us wander free, love!

Where the graceful willows, love,
Kiss the stream below;
And the mimic billows, love,
Murmur as they go;
When mild dews are falling, love,
On the daisied lea,
And night-birds are calling, love,
Wilt thou roam with me?
Wilt thou roam with me, love?

VICTORIA AND LOUIS PHILIPPE.

Kendall, of the Picayune, in a letter to his paper from London, gives the following anecdote:

"Speaking of royalty, reminds me of a story told in private circles here—a story I will relate, although the present may not be altogether a fitting time. It is well known that Louis Philippe, before Queen Victoria's recent confinement, visited her privately on several occasions, and on each occasion he commenced relating to his royal listener the different plans he resorted to in order to effect his escape, as well as the manifold disguises he assumed. At different points of the royal runaway's story, her Majesty laughed heartily enough, but when he came to shaving off his whiskers, she broke out in such inordinate peals that her safety was positively endangered. The serio-comic expression of the Ex-King's whiskerless face, so lugubriously funny, almost threw the Queen into hysterics. Again and again he attempted to finish his narrative; but every time he came to the whiskers, so immoderate was the laughter it produced, that those present were compelled to admonish him that her Majesty was not in a situation to listen with safety to a detail so humorous; and even up to this time it is said she has never been able to accompany Louis Philippe farther on his winding journey of escape from France, than to the time he was compelled to shave off his whiskers. The liveliest mirth is frequently extracted from the recital of the misfortune, and the above may be put down as an amusing case in point."

FROM THE FRENCH OF LAMARTINE.

Ah, Time! suspend awhile your flight,
Nor bear these hours so swift away—
Hours, with such glittering pleasure bright,
Ah, yet a little while delay.

There are enough of those who weep,
To whom your fleeting course is kind;
Onward with them in mercy sweep,
But, oh! the happy leave behind.

Death from Seeing too much Light.—We find the following curious statement in the Washington Union:—

"We were surprised to find, yesterday, how many little birds have fallen victims to Mr. Crutchett's large lanthern on the dome on the Capitol, and to the wires that support it. We understand that fifty beautiful birds, of different sorts, and of various plumage, were found dead yesterday morning. Started up in the night from their resting places in the square, they are, probably drawn to the light, and dash themselves to death against the lantern or the wires.

Sunrise.—The following pretty description of sunrise is by Grace Hathaway: "The man that misses sunrise loses the sweetest part of his existence. I love to watch the first tear that glistens in the opening eye of morning—the silent song the flower's breath—the thrilling choir of the woodland minstrels, to which the modest brook trickles applause—these swelling out of the sweetest of creation's matins, seems to pour some glad and merry tale into delight's ear, as if the world had dreamed a happy thing, and now smiled o'er the telling of it!"

A Funny Error.—The erroneous report of the abdication of the King of Prussia in the English papers, is funnily accounted for. The operator had become highly excited by the revolutionary news. The Prussian dispatch came when his feelings were up to fever heat. "The—King—of—Prussia—has—gone—to—Pot." In another minute the communication was on its way to the newspaper office. Not long after, however, the dial was agitated, and then came "sdam," making it read:—"The King of Prussia has done to Potsdam."

An Emperor and Mechanic.—While Napoleon was on the throne a poor American came to Paris. He had an invention which he wished to show the Emperor. Napoleon paid little attention to it, and he went away. That was Robert Fulton, whose invention of the steamboat had changed the face of the world; who is this day bringing the ends of the earth together; and who has done more for the happiness of mankind than fifty Buonapartes. An account of his may be found in Allison.